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THE SCOUT:

—OR,—

THE YOUNG DRAGOON.

A TALE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

BY EDWARDS KEELER OLMSTED.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

No notice was taken of the knocking.

"Hullo! house here!" roared the sergeant at the top of his lungs. "Open in the king's name. Captain Arbuckle; here's the sergeant to report, sir."

Still no answer.

"What shall we do, Phil?" asked the sergeant.

"It's my opinion," said the dragoon, "that if so be the captain's within—he may have been made prisoner. This is a tory house, I know—but the people bear a very bad character, sergeant."

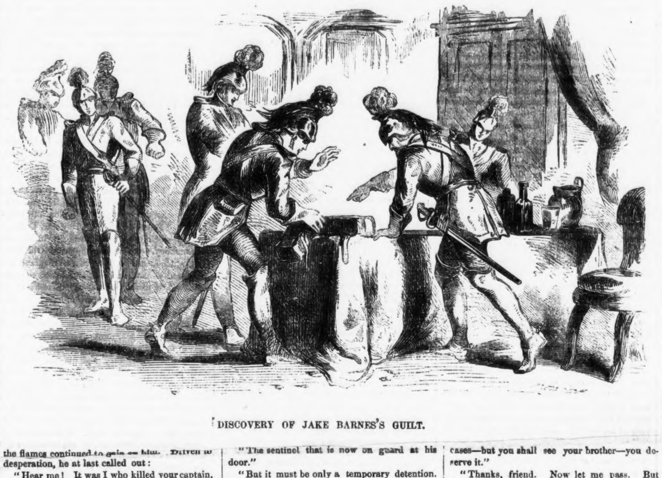
"I'll give 'em one more chance," said the sergeant; and he knocked again and repeated his summons. All was silent as the grave

Four stout fellows, dismounted by order of the non-commissioned officer, now made a rush upon the door, and bore it from its hinges, and then, the sergeant and Phil preceding them, they went up stairs to search the house.

They first entered the sitting-room. Here the first object that met the sergeant's eyes was the captain's valise opened on the table and the gold scattered all about. Half-a-dozen guineas had fallen on the floor.

"There's been foul play here!" said the sergeant, with a deep oath.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]



DISCOVERY OF JAKE BARNES'S GUILT.

"Ay—and not long since," replied Phil. "The fire is still burning."

"Follow me, lads," cried McInnisky. "If harm has happened to the captain, them that's done it shall rue it to the end of their lives, and that wont be very long either."

Animated by the same spirit—the dragoons proceeded with their search. A confirmation of their worst forebodings was found in the inner chamber, where the officer lay stark and stiff upon the bed.

"O, wirra! wirra! wirrasthrue!" cried the sergeant; "this is a sorry sight! The bravest man that ever drew a sabre or spurred a horse to the charge, now lying here before our eyes foully murdered. But this is no time for sorrow. Away, lads! we'll search every nook and cranny of this den of death."

But ere he saw to the execution of his order, he went to the window, threw up the sash, and called out to his men to extend themselves and surround the house. Having seen the command executed, he personally led the search. The house was examined from garret to cellar, but no living being was found within. Reluctantly relinquishing a hope he had cherished of discovering the murderer, the sergeant and his men now took up the captain, after throwing a horseman's cloak over him for a pall, and bringing him out of doors placed him across a horse. They next removed the money, the sergeant undertaking charge of it.

"Now, boys," said McInnisky, "hear me. We'll burn this accursed den to the ground, so that it shall harbor no more murdering villains—whatever they call themselves, tory or whig."

A wild vengeful hurrah replied to this proposal. The dragoons rushed to the stables and seized trusses of straw which they deposited in various parts of the lower story of the house. Their pistols supplied fire to these combustibles, and soon the roaring flames burst out of every window. It was now daylight, but the gray of dawn was overpowered by the orange glare of the conflagration. As the flames leaped up like serpents hissing and embracing the rafters and woodwork, dense columns of black smoke were driven forth and hung, a cloudy drapery, like a pall, above the doomed house.

At this moment an involuntary cry burst from one of the dragoons. As the flames and smoke parted, a man was seen on the ridge-pole near the chimney. It was the murderer who had hidden himself in the chimney when the dragoons searched the house, but who had been driven from his lair out upon the roof by the fire. He rushed to and fro in the wildest disorder, and was seeking for a place from whence he might leap to the ground. But he was encircled by a cordon of fire, and what was more menacing even, by a cordon of dragoons, each with pistol and sword in hand, and glaring on him as fiercely as tigers. He knew not which to choose, fire or steel. And the flames continued to gain on him. Driven to desperation, he at last called out:

"Hear me! It was I who killed your captain, I—One-Eyed Jake, the tory! Do you hear me! My flesh is scorching on my bones. Shoot me, some of you—put a bullet through my head and end my misery. I ask no more."

"I'll cleave the first man that offers to draw a trigger on him to the brisket!" shouted McInnisky, brandishing his sabre, as he spoke. "Let him meet the worst death that can befall him."

"Shoot me, for Heaven's sake," yelled the suffering miscreant.

But his appeal was in vain. Yet were not his sufferings unmercifully prolonged, for almost ere the echoes of his last words had died upon the ear, the roof sank in beneath his feet, and in the roar of the ravenous flames that leaped upward exulting to heaven, the last cry of the murderer, if cry he uttered, was extinguished. The theatre of his fruitless crime became the scene of his punishment!

CHAPTER XVII.

AGNES MEETS HER BROTHER.

We have for some time lost sight of David Barnes, who, the reader will remember, if we have been so fortunate as to engage his attention, was arrested by Colonel Simcoe, and confined in the upper part of his own house. Though aware of the presence of a prisoner, neither Agnes nor her younger brother knew who it was until the next day, when the lad met his sister, clasped her hand, and then burst into tears.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked the compassionate Agnes, whose heart ever sympathized with the sorrows of others. "Is there anything I can do for you? or is it the soldiers who have maltreated you?"

"O, Agnes—" and the boy could say no more.

"Speak out, dear brother, I conjure you—something has happened, I know. Don't be afraid to tell me. If it is anything that concerns you alone, perhaps I may find means of alleviating your trouble—if it concerns me, speak out at once—for I have trouble enough to teach me to bear everything but suspense."

"O, Agnes—you know—you must have heard that one of our countrymen was arrested last night?"

"Yes."

"And lodged in the upper part of the house?"

"I know that."

"But you don't know his name?"

"No."

"And you haven't guessed it?"

"No—have you?"

"It is no guess-work, sister. I only know too well who it is—it is somebody we are both interested in?"

"Who?"

"I'm almost afraid to say."

"Speak out—you know that I have resolution."

"Well, then—the prisoner is no other than our own dear brother David."

"David! a prisoner! and in this house!"

"A prisoner!"

"And who told you this?"

"The sentinel that is now on guard at his door."

"But it must be only a temporary detention. He can't be in any danger—any absolute danger. He is known to be a patriot—he has been made a prisoner of war—that's all."

"That is not all," said the boy, earnestly and sadly; "and he is in danger, sister. The soldier told me so much."

"In danger! of what?"

"Of his life."

"Of his life! surely—surely—they will not harm a hair of his head. On what pretext can they harm him?"

"They say he came here as a spy."

"A spy!" faltered Agnes, turning very pale.

"Yes, sister—and you know what they do to spies."

"I—I have heard," stammered the fair girl; "if convicted, they are shot!"

"Worse than that—they are hanged by the neck," said the boy, with a shudder.

"True—true," said Agnes, wildly; "and this is the fate that awaits our poor David. O, I will fly to him at once."

"You forget, sister—he is under close arrest, and a sentinel is stationed at his door."

"I will see the sentinel. He cannot resist a sister's prayers."

"You may prevail," said the boy. "But those red-coats are so hard-hearted."

"I will prevail—they cannot be so cruel as to refuse me the sad privilege I claim."

And she hastily mounted the staircase. As he stood upon the upper landing-place, the sentry advanced, and as his musket fell with a rattle into the hollow of his hand, he called out:

"Halt!" who goes there?"

"A friend," answered Agnes, faintly.

"What's your business?"

"I wish to see the prisoner."

"You cannot," replied the sentinel; "the colonel's orders are strict. No one is to be admitted."

"That order cannot be intended to apply to me."

"It includes every one—there is no exception."

"Soldier!" said the girl, advancing; "have you a sister?"

"Ay," replied the man, "that I have, pretty one—and as fair a girl as the broad county of Devon can show. Poor girl! I haven't heard from her for a long time—I wonder if she's well?"

"Well, then," said Agnes, "suppose you were a prisoner, and in danger of your life?"

"Well, what if I were?"

"And that sister of yours," continued Agnes, "should come from afar off to see you for perhaps the last time, what would you think of the guard that should refuse her the poor privilege she asked?"

"Think!" replied the man—"why I should think he was no soldier, and deserved to be sent to Coventry by his comrades."

"What! if he was ordered to refuse admittance to all?"

"Orders be hanged! There are circumstances that alter cases."

"Well, then," said Agnes, eagerly. "I am in that condition, I am the sister of the prisoner."

"You've fairly trapped me, miss, by putting cases—but you shall see your brother—you deserve it."

"Thanks, friend. Now let me pass. But stay—I'm not ungrateful—I'm poor though—and this little coin is all I have."

And she offered the soldier a piece of money.

"No, hang it!" said the man. "Put up your money. It shall never be said that I robbed a poor girl, and that just for doing as I would be done by myself."

So saying, he made room for her and she soon stood within the place of David's confinement. Rushing into his arms, she fell upon his neck and burst into a flood of bitter tears. The young patriot was himself much moved, but he controlled his own emotions that he might be the better able to console and calm hers. He gently unwound her arms, and kissing her forehead, took her hand and pressed it gently.

"Dear sister!" said he.

"O, David!" said the fair girl, "little did I think the hour would ever come, when I should weep to see my father's son under his own roof-tree."

"It is hard to be a prisoner in one's own house," said the young soldier.

"A prisoner, if that were all! But O, David, they tell me that is not the worst."

"And what have they said, to frighten my darling?"

"They have said, David—and it has wrung my heart to hear it—that you are in danger of your life!"

"It is not danger that appals a soldier."

"No, a soldier can confront the power of an enemy. He can face death on the battle-field—but to meet it alone and unaware!"

"And why should my life be in danger here, sweet sister?" asked David, wishing to ascertain the extent of his sister's information with regard to his position.

"They say that you are a spy!"

"A spy!"

"Yes, David, that is the charge to be brought against you."

"And suppose they should substantiate that charge?"

"Then you would die an ignominious death."

"And if I should be called upon to meet that death, I would endure it with the lofty, unbending spirit of an American patriot."

"But to die so young!"

"Thousands have died as young in the sacred cause. The beauty of Israel has fallen upon her high places. Why should I begrudge my poor life amidst these costly sacrifices?"

"But it would kill me, David—think of that, brother."

"I *do* think of it, Agnes—only too much. That thought alone unmans me."

"But tell me, I conjure you, brother, what *you* think of your position? You are calm and clear-headed. Can they take your life?"

"Agnes," said David, gravely and kindly—"you are a brave-hearted girl, you can bear bad news—and your religious principles will teach you submission to the will of God. I will not deceive you—it would be cruel to awaken hopes that the event might terribly disappoint. I am afraid that circumstances are strong enough against me, to make my guilt apparent to the judgment of a court-martial. And if so, I must die an ignominious death upon the scaffold, sister, and you must be prepared for it."

"O, you cannot, you shall not die!" hysterically sobbed Agnes, while she clasped her brother's neck tightly and wet his face with her own tears.

The affectionate brother caressed for a moment the fair hair of his sister, and returned her warm embrace. Then gently putting her from him, he said, gravely:

"Hear me, Agnes, for I may have few opportunities of speaking with you again, and those opportunities may be under more solemn circumstances than now, and when other things should be thought of. But now I want to speak to you and on a matter that concerns yourself."

"O, mind not me, David, if you are to be condemned," exclaimed Agnes, her tears still flowing. "If that happens, life has nothing for me."

"But listen, Agnes, it concerns me also, if that is a satisfaction to you," replied her brother.

The sister only sobbed, so David proceeded.

"Do you think you could love Captain De Lancey, Agnes?"

She raised her head in surprise, and answered in a voice of tender reproach:

"Why do you speak of such a thing to me, David? How can you think of such a thing now? How can I think of any one but you?"

"I *wish* you to think of it, dearest. De Lancey has authorized me to offer you his heart and hand, and as your brother, I have given my assent to his suit. Now listen, while I attempt to tell his story as well as he would tell it for himself, if the enemy would [illegible] to you."

Then David repeated some of De Lancey's enthusiastic protestations, and passed his own eulogiums upon the gallant young soldier, concluding by telling her that possibly at that very moment, her suitor was perilling his life upon the field of honor for her whom he only hoped to win."

"Brave, generous De Lancey!" was the spontaneous outburst from the admiring and deeply affected maiden's lips, as her brother reached this point of his recital. Her face had alternately reddened with blushes, and palled again with her excited feelings, but now, as if half-ashamed of her own enthusiasm, she hid her face upon her brother's shoulder.

"I may not be able to give De Lancey your answer, whatever it may be, but it would be a satisfaction to me to know it, should what I fear, befall me. Think of it, sister."

"Who ever heard of a maiden wooed in this way, brother? In our rank of life, the maiden expects her suitor to address her in his own tongue, and perhaps De Lancey has chosen an advocate stronger than himself would be. Would it be a satisfaction to him, think you, to know that he owed his success to the advocacy of my brother, instead of his own merits!"

"Nay, do not accept him on that ground, Agnes; it would please me truly, to know that you were to be De Lancey's wife, but I would not have you so, unless your heart dictates the answer. No, your happiness will please me best, at any rate, whichever way you may think it lies."

Here the sentinel put his head inside the door, and said he could not possibly permit the young lady to remain any longer.

"You might be devising some plot, you know," said the soldier, "and then I should have to suffer for it. Willing to oblige you, miss, but wouldn't like to stand up and take a dozen or two for my pains, if the prisoner should get away."

"There is no danger of that," said David, to the sentinel.

"I don't know," replied the fellow, "it doesn't do to trust a Yankee too far."

"Well," said David with a sigh, "I suppose you are but doing your duty."

As the man remained partly inside the room, it was of course impossible to continue the unfinished conversation, and Agnes therefore tore herself away with a fond embrace, and with the expressed hope that she should soon have an opportunity of seeing her brother again. David listened for her light footsteps as long as he could hear them, and then threw himself down and sank into a gloomy reverie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANOTHER SUITOR. STARTLING INTERRUPTION.

The sentinel followed Agnes out of the room.

"Young lady," said he, "I have a message for you."

"A message for me?"

"Yes."

"From whom?"

"From a young gentleman."

"One of the officers?"

"Yes, miss, he begs that you will grant him an interview in the sitting-room."

"Another insult, I presume. I shall not go."

"I beg your pardon, miss, but the gentleman is one who has always thought and spoken respectfully of you."

"I knew not," said Agnes, bitterly, "that there was one who wore a scarlet uniform in this house who ever did so. His name?"

"Lieutenant Walter Arbuckle."

"Of Colonel Simcoe's staff?"

"Yes—miss."

"I know not why he should wish to see me—or what good can come of my seeing him!"

"I beg pardon, miss, but Lieutenant Arbuckle has great influence with Colonel Simcoe."

"And what of that?"

"Colonel Simcoe's voice decides your brother's fate."

"I had forgotten that. I understand the hint. Thank you for the suggestion."

"Welcome, miss. You will find him in the sitting room."

With a fluttering heart, to which a ray of hope imparted a faint warmth, Agnes entered the sitting room, resolved to make interest with the young soldier on behalf of her unfortunate brother.

The lieutenant, she remembered now, had not been among her persecutors, and on more than one occasion had interfered to check their offensive gallantries. He was rather a reserved young man, took no part in the revelries of the mess, and altogether his conduct inspired some confidence.

He rose as she entered the room, and saluting her respectfully, offered her a chair, and seated himself beside her.

"I ventured to request this honor, Miss Barnes," said he, "as I have something important to communicate."

Agnes bowed.

"You will do me the justice, I trust, to acknowledge that I have not imitated my brother officers in their conduct in this house."

"Sir," replied Agnes, "before your regiment was quartered here, I had heard and believed that British officers were gentlemen as well as soldiers. I knew not then that such as you were exceptions to the general rule of misconduct."

"You compliment me, madam, at the expense of my associates."

"I have spoken the truth, sir, as I always do."

"I regret that, in this instance, your severity is not misplaced. Bitterly do I regret what has passed in this house. But what could I do?—I have remonstrated, and that was the extent of my power."

"Were I a gentleman, I should resign a service disgraced by universal misconduct."

"My associates here must not be taken as types of the British soldier," answered the lieutenant. "But were it otherwise, the man who throws up his commission in the face of the enemy is eternally disgraced."

Agnes was silent, and the officer continued:

"I have witnessed with admiration, the manner in which you have borne yourself in the midst of your trials. Your conduct has inspired me with the highest respect."

"Then, sir," said Agnes, adopting a sudden resolution, you embolden me to ask a favor. Remember that I am speaking for one dearer to me than my life."

The lieutenant's brow darkened.

"Who is this?" he said, "in whom you take such an interest?"

"My brother, sir."

The cloud cleared, and the young man smiled at his own suspicions. Agnes continued:

"My brother, sir, is a prisoner in your hands."

"I am aware of it."

"He is shortly to be brought to trial."

"This very day. I am in momentary expectation of a summons to the court."

"Sir, he is innocent of the charge brought against him."

"I trust he may be proved so."

"He will stand alone before your court—he has no friends—no friend, unless you choose to be one. I have heard that your influence is great with Colonel Simcoe—you have his ear, you say to him what others dare not utter. Plead for my brother's life, I conjure you, and you will win, if that be any guerdon, his sister's gratitude."

"Perhaps you have somewhat over-estimated my influence with the commandant—and yet, to tell the truth, it is great—for I have never abused it, and even extends so far, that were I to ask the life of a man, it might be granted to my pleading—nay, it would be."

"O, then, sir," cried Agnes, "I may bless the hour that brought you to this house, for you will be its guardian angel. O, sir—exert your influence for David—on my bended knees, I implore you to take compassion on a suffering and heart-stricken girl."

"Rise," said the lieutenant; "it is rather *my* part to kneel to *you*. Yes, beautiful Agnes, I will do your bidding—I will save your brother's life—but on one condition."

"Name it," said the poor girl, "and if it be within my power to grant, before high Heaven, I pledge myself to discharge the obligation."

"It is within your power to grant."

"Then I will fulfil the condition."

"Stay, hear the extent of my audacity. If I have not persecuted you as my brother officers have done, it was because the nature of a gentleman forbade. But my admiration for you has been none the less."

Agnes looked on the speaker with some surprise.

"I deceived you," he continued, "when I said that it was impossible to throw up my commission without disgrace. I have been too often under fire to have an imputation cast upon my courage if I were to resign the service. And to say the truth, I have often thought of it of late. There are no laurels to be reaped in this fratricidal war. Nor do I depend upon my profession for a support. I am wealthy, and only accepted a commission, because to serve in the army is thought to confer additional lustre on a family name, and mine is among the proudest. It needs but small temptation to lay down the sword. But I will remain long enough to do you a service. Colonel Simcoe is indebted to my family, and expects promotion through their interest. He will grant me your brother's life, and then—"

"And then," said Agnes.

"You can repay it with your own sweet self. Agnes," cried the soldier, "I love you—passionately love you. For your brother, he is a rebel, and I would not lift a finger to save his life except for your sweet sake."

"Lieutenant Arbuckle," said Agnes, coldly—"say no more of this—for I do not—cannot reciprocate your feelings."

"What!" cried the officer, haughtily; "do you fling away the heart and the wealth that are laid at your feet?"

"I covet neither, sir."

"And will you fling away your brother's life?"

"You cannot surely mean to bargain with me for his safety. O, sir, you are a gentleman born, be a gentleman at heart. Go to Colonel Simcoe—save the life of an unfortunate young man, unjustly accused of crime, and Heaven will reward you"

"Heaven is a long way off, young woman—and I never fancied prospective recompense," said the soldier, hardly.

"I cannot wed where I cannot love;" answered Agnes.

"I said nought of wedding, fair one," said the officer, with a false smile. "It would be impossible for me to present a rustic bride to my noble relations. But you shall be mine in all but name—wealth greater than you even dreamed of, luxury outstripping that of the east—"

"Silence!" cried Agnes, springing to her feet, and launching an indignant glance upon the unworthy. "Silence! you are worse than your depraved companions. They are coarse and brutal—you are utterly depraved. You dare to take advantage of a wretched girl agonized by her brother's danger, to wound her ears with ideas that should call the crimson blush to your own cheeks. Go! I detest—I spurn you."

"Beware!" said the soldier, fiercely. "Do not wake the tiger within me. A word from my lips can save your brother's life—a word from my lips can assure your brother's death."

"Then speak it, and let it blister your false tongue!" cried the excited girl. "Speak it! and consign your name to lasting infamy. Speak it! and be your memory accursed. You boast of your family and name. You are unworthy to kiss the feet of my noble-hearted brother who lies yonder in the power of yourself and your infamous comrades."

"You shall rue these words in tears ere the sun is an hour higher in the heavens."

"My brother may die," replied the spirited girl; "and I may mourn his fate. But my words to you will never be repented, and the last hour of David Barnes shall be gladdened by the thought that his sister had spirit to resent the insults of an enemy. But for you—Heaven will visit you with [illegible] for desiring to torture an unprotected girl, who came to you in full confidence in the hour of affliction. You speak of *my* tears, look that your own do not flow in a bitterer shower, and that your own heart be not wrung with as heavy a weight of misery as mine."

"These are idle words," said the soldier. "What can befall me? I am rich and courted—young and full of spirits. My pathway is strewn with flowers; but yours, if your brother dies through your proud obstinacy—will be strewn with thorns."

But even as he spoke thus boastfully, the melancholy wail of a bugle smote his ear. It came accompanied by the slow and measured trampling of a body of heavy horse. He rushed to the window, and looked forth.

Slowly approaching the regimental head quarters a small body of horse made their appearance. The men were dejected and drooping, and from time to time the bugles gave forth that melancholy wailing note which had startled the lieutenant in the hour of his pride and vain glory. The cause was soon apparent. Four dismounted troopers in the centre of the column, bore along the stiffened body of a corpse over which a cavalry cloak had been hastily thrown. They were followed by the charger of Captain Arbuckle. The empty saddle told the story.

The lieutenant rushed frantically from the house, and arresting the march of the bearers, tore the cloak from the body of the officer. In the rigid features distorted with the last agony of a violent death, he recognized his elder brother.

"Good God!" he cried, "how has this happened! was he killed in action?"

"He was foully murdered in his bed," said the sergeant. "But the murderer has met with a more cruel death."

"That girl!" cried the lieutenant, "was she gifted with the fatal spirit of prophecy? Her words have come true. The misery I sought to inflict upon her has fallen upon my own head. Is there a Providence that searches the dark mystery of our hearts, and strikes down our pride when, falcon-like, it towers at the highest? O, brother! brother! would that I had died for thee!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COURT MARTIAL.

The funeral of Captain Arbuckle postponed the trial of David Barnes until the next day, when at an early hour, the door of his room opened, and the sentinel presented himself, with two other soldiers, who announced that they had come to carry him before a court martial organized to try him.

"Colonel Simcoe seems somewhat eager for my poor life, by this haste," remarked Barnes, as he rose with composure.

"Ay, like enough," replied the man; "and he doesn't feel over well disposed to you after what has happened."

"Why, what has happened?" asked Barnes, with some interest.

"I suppose you wont deny that One-Eyed Jake was your brother?"

"I have an unfortunate brother who goes by that name," answered Barnes. "But he is on your side."

"He took a pretty way of showing it," replied the soldier with an oath.

"How so?"

"Why, he robbed and murdered Captain Arbuckle, after decoying him into the old stone house."

Barnes wrung his hands in agony. "Can the evil spirit have prompted him to commit this crime?"

"Ay, and he hid himself after the deed—but our boys set fire to the house, and he perished in the flames."

A cry of horror burst from the lips of David, and he sank down, shuddering with agony. It was a long time before he could master his emotions, and it cost him a convulsive struggle. This then, was the end of his wretched brother's career! A terrible crime followed by instant and terrible retribution.

"Come, come," said the soldier, whose narrative had produced this effect. "Don't try to gammon us with any such crocodile performance as this ere. Get up and face the music—or we'll drag you before the court, neck and heels."

Indignant at this brutality, and a determination to meet his foes with the spirit of a man, finally conquered, at least externally, Barnes's agony and shame, and he endeavored to collect his thoughts, while he was carried down stairs, and ushered into the colonel's apartment, where the board was organized, the colonel himself being president. He was the first person whom the young patriot noticed on entering the room, and the confused glance which the colonel bestowed upon his prisoner, rivetted the latter's attention. He saw that the colonel's right arm was bandaged and splintered, and the truth flashed upon him that Colonel Simcoe had met his friend De Lancey, and that the wound was the result. The same circumstance assured him of the probability that De Lancey had escaped. A gleam of joy and satisfaction passed quickly over his face, and he could hardly refrain from an expression of thankfulness, as he eagerly gazed at the shattered arm which thus told of the story.

"What are you staring at, fellow?" asked the colonel, with great irritation of manner.

"Nothing—I was merely making an observation."

"But I choose to know, fellow."

"It is of no importance, whatever, colonel."

"That is for me to judge. Remember that you are my prisoner, and bound to answer whatever questions I address to you. I demanded to know why you were staring at me in that insolent manner?"

"I was thinking, sir, that *Mr.* De Lancey knew how *to make his mark*, if you will have an answer," replied Barnes, with an exultant smile.

"You'd better have a care, sir," said the colonel, in a hissing tone, while his whole face crimsoned with suppressed wrath. "His majesty's officers, I'd have you to know, sir, are not to be insulted by a traitorous spy."

"A traitorous spy? Then I am convicted, it appears, gentlemen, without having been heard. Is this British justice?" and the lieutenant bowed to the members of the commissioners in order that they might observe the colonel's passion.

"You are to have a fair trial, Mr. Barnes," said one of them, coldly, without even glancing aside. "Shall we proceed at once, Colonel Simcoe?"

"Yes, go on. Question him first yourself."

The other officer then addressed Barnes.

"Mr. Barnes, on the—day—of—, you were within the lines of this camp without a flag, and fled on being discovered. Military rules authorize us to suppose that you came hither in the capacity of a spy, the penalty of being which you know, so that I need not to be explanatory on that point. You are at liberty, before the witnesses are called, to make your own statement of your purposes."

"This is partly my own house," replied Barnes, deliberately. "My mother, sister and brother were then and are now within these walls. It is natural I should seek to see them."

"Was that your only object, sir?"

David could not bring himself to affirm what was not a fact, even in such a solemn moment, so he replied indirectly:

"I have informed you of my motive—I have nothing more to add."

"One moment," said Colonel Simcoe, waving his left hand. "Prisoner, you have spoken of your brother. You did not refer to the person known by the name of One-Eyed Jake?"

"I did not, sir."

"But he is your brother, I think?"

"Unhappily."

"And night before last—he murdered one of our officers."

"Colonel Simcoe," said David, "I do not conceive that the crimes of that unhappy man are a fit subject for comment here. If you wish to torture a prisoner by a reference to his domestic sorrows, or to prejudice the court that tries him by a recital of the shame of his kindred, I protest against your conduct, and appeal to the honor of your associates for protection."

This reply silenced the president, and one of the other officers, after a pause, glanced significantly at the colonel, and said:

"He admits the fact of his clandestine presence, and it will be unnecessary therefore to produce evidence supporting that charge. You had, sir, an interview with your sister, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Call Agnes Barnes."

Agnes was introduced—trembling at the grave aspect of the judges. She was sworn. The officer who took the lead, addressing her:

"Your brother has mentioned that he had an interview with you here a few days ago. Where did the meeting take place?"

Agnes described the place in a trembling voice.

"What did you converse about?"

"About myself and mother—and the officers here. O, gentlemen, he is not a spy—he is my dearest brother—and I know he came only to see me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Back numbers of The Flag of our Union containing the previous chapters of this story, can be had at our office of publication or at any of the periodical depots.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BLACK KNIGHT'S DAY.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

It was Easter Monday in the ancient town of Ashton-ye under-line. I had often heard of the grand festivities of "Ye Black Knight's Day," the jollity, and uproarous carousal in which it invariably terminated—there being broken heads and bloody noses, soiled garments and universal hubbub—but have never been present till now to witness it.

I stood in one of the principal streets, from whence I could see the procession as it issued in solemn pomp from the crumbling portals of the Black Knight's castle, which stands on a level with the town, and just before you descend to the River Tame on the road to Duckinfield. A long procession it was, with the effigy of a black knight of the feudal ages, pinned to a cross, and borne onward triumphantly in view of the multitude. The attendants appeared in the character of retainers, as in the olden times, armor-bearers—some wielding huge battle-axes; torch-bearers and cross-bow-men—all attired in a fashion pertaining to feudal times.

There were doubtless thousands present, who joined in with the utmost hilarity, who knew nothing of the cause which gave rise to the pantomime which they witnessed. But as the American reader is not expected to know what the English reader might fail to, out of Lancashire, we shall endeavor, after a brief digression, to give them some clue to the mystery, which the writer was enabled to find, himself, by diving into "Ye Cronicles of Ashton-ye-under-line," an ancient history of the town which chanced to fall into his possession.

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the Blake Lad!" went up from twenty thousand tongues, as the quaint but warlike procession filed out from under the broken archways of the castle on Tame. No response, however, went up from the silent and sombre spectacle which greeted their eyes. Onward came the strange procession filing into Stamford Street, and preceded by their standard bearers—their only music being cymbals, fife and hautboy. On arriving opposite Old Cross Inn, which stands on the corner of Scotland and Stamford Streets, and is as ancient by the right of chronicle, as the castle itself, though still in good preservation, the procession halted, and out ran a dozen waiters with vessels of ale and porter, of which those antiquated representatives of feudal ages partook most heartily; acting this part of the drama, as we may suppose, quite up to the life. After they had quaffed their fill, they planted the cross and effigy in front of the inn, and the cross-bow-men drew off into one grotesque line, and the lancers into another, and at the word of command from a grim knight in armor, they commenced a most furious onslaught upon the inoffensive effigy. This part of the exhibition lasted some five or ten minutes, amid deafening acclamations from the spectators. Then the cross and disfigured effigy were taken up once more and borne down Scotland Street, to the sign of the "Blue Bell," being, as it went, a target for the missiles of the bystanders.

At the Blue Bell, the same scene was enacted as at the Old Cross Inn, and so on through all the streets and byways of Ashton-under line. But I will not weary the reader farther than to state that this scene has been enacted by the people of Ashton, on Easter Monday, for centuries.

It was near the close of the twelfth century, according to the chronicle, that the Black Knight, Baron Steinbon, founder of the castle on Tame, collected together his serfs and retainers to witness the terrible punishment of an old servant of the castle, named Anne Astley, for conniving at the escape of a prisoner who had been thrown into the castle vaults by his own order. The baron, nick-named the "Black Knight," was one of the most cruel and unfeeling monsters of the age in which he lived. Indeed, he was known to have spent much of his time in studying out ways and means of effecting the most revolting tortures; and to him was attributed the invention of the stocks and pillory, as nothing of the kind was ever known in England, till after they were discovered near the west tower of the castle, torturing the life out of two poor serfs who had fallen under his displeasure. These, however, were his most merciful modes of punishment.

The Black Knight, in spite of this moral and culpable deformity, had a very lovely and humane daughter, named Lady Ida, who was worshipped in secret by all the youthful retainers of the castle, and by none with greater devotion than young Dugald Astley, the nephew of old Anne, who was soon, in spite of her age and sex, to be subject to a new and ingenious method of torture, recently invented by the cruel and stony-hearted baron. The castle stands on a limestone bluff, which makes a rapid descent to the river in the direction of Duckinfield, and just at this point stood the Black Knight and his retainers. In vain had Lady Ida supplicated the remorseless baron to spare the life of her aged domestic, who had nursed her in her infancy, and was to her almost a mother; but the monster was inexorable to the last, and paid no regard to his daughter's pitiful cries and reproaches.

The mode of torture he had adopted for old Anne would have done credit to the ingenuity of a fiend. Even his executioners, who had long since become hardened by the constant practice of cruelties, to all sense of pity, turned sick with disgust at the inhumanity of their master. He had ordered a hogshead to be perforated thickly with steel nails, sharply pointed, and standing through on the inside so as to pierce the flesh of the victim, though not fatally. Into this horrible machine of torture, shrieking and filling the air with lamentations, was the poor old creature thrust, without exciting the least pity or remorse from the cruel tyrant; and, at the stern word of command, sent rolling down the "Hans Brow," as the descent was called.

Dugald Astley, with cheeks as pale as ashes, had been a silent spectator of the scene. Old Anne was his father's only sister. His father was dead, but his mother was still living. As soon as the horrid tragedy was ended, he turned mechanically and entered the castle. He heard a voice sobbing and moaning in the distance, and on approaching nearer, he recognized the Lady Ida. She sprang to her feet when she saw him, and throwing her arms around the neck of the handsome youth, sobbed as though her gentle heart would break. Then she grew more calm.

"Dugald, he has murdered my poor old nurse, and all a daughter's prayers and supplications could not move the monster from his cruel purpose. Dugald, do you know, I wish the Black Knight, my father, was in his coffin? It is a cruel wish for a daughter to make, Dugald, but I wish it on the score of humanity. I wish it, that I may no longer witness the dreadful tortures which he inflicts upon the weak and helpless. I think it is no sin to wish him dead. To rid the world of such a monster would indeed be a blessing!"

"You have but to command, Lady Ida, and your wish shall be obeyed," exclaimed Dugald, passionately, "though your slave should suffer ten thousand tortures. The death of good old Anne Astley cries to Heaven for vengeance. Shall she not be avenged, my lady?"

"She shall! she shall!" cried Lady Ida, with sudden energy. "I will bestow my hand and fortune upon the man who will destroy the tyrant. He shall not live to wring tears of anguish from the innocent and helpless!"

"He shall die, then, before another week glides over his head, or I will be the second victim to ride over the 'Hans Brow' to death!"

The Lady Ida pressed the youth's hand in token of approval, and thus they parted.

It was the custom of the Black Knight, in his full suit of black armor, and followed by his retainers, to ride every morning through what is now called Scotland Street, towards the banks of the Tame, and on those occasions, the people whom he encountered were compelled to do obeisance by humbly prostrating themselves before him. Dugald Astley's mother was too indignant at the horrible murder of her husband's sister to find it in her heart to humble herself before the cruel Black Knight; and for this offence, if offence it might be called, even in a barbarous age, she was dragged before the tyrant, scourged without mercy, and confined in the stocks, from the united effects of which, she likewise perished in a few hours. This act alone, without the approbation of Lady Ida, would have decided the Black Knight's fate.

On the following morning, instead of presenting himself among the retainers at the castle, Dugald, with his trusty weapon, the cross-bow, secreted himself in the loft of one of the serf's cottages, by which the tyrant was accustomed to pass, and silently awaited his coming. He was not doomed to wait long, for soon the Black Knight and his followers came prancing on through the street where our hero had secreted himself, for more than the simple purpose of revenge. As he came opposite, the fatal arrow of Dugald sped on its merciful errand of destruction, piercing the left eye of Baron Steinbon, penetrating quite through the brain, and killing him on the instant. Young Astley did not wait to be hunted out from his place of concealment, but came boldly forward and gave himself up. He was taken into immediate custody by the Black Knight's chamberlain and other officers of state, and borne in triumph to the castle to await his examination before the judges, on the charge of having murdered the worshipful Baron Steinbon.

The audience chamber was draped in black by order of the grand chamberlain, and the body of the Black Knight was exposed to view in the same habiliments in which he had been slain, when young Dugald Astley was brought forward for examination before twelve of the baron's inferior officers, who had been selected as judges—a half-civil, half-military form of trial, out of which grew the more perfect idea of trial by jury; the defence as well as prosecution having the right to choose their advocates, as now.

The charge against young Astley was boldly made and clearly established, and when the grand chamberlain called on Dugald for his defence, a youthful stranger arose from the midst of the assembly, and presented himself before the judges. He was a youth of extraordinary beauty, and by his perfect ease and self-possession, the judges became convinced he was some learned advocate from the "low countries," and accordingly prepared to listen to him with a corresponding degree of favor. In his argument before the judges, he took an entirely unexpected turn. He did not attempt to contradict the fact, but gravely admitted it. He then went on and exposed, even in the minutest degree, all the horrible and unheard of atrocities, of which the Black Knight had been guilty, and wound up by clearly convincing them, that young Astley was not to be considered as a murderer for having slain the Black Knight, but rather as a public benefactor; and advised that an effigy of the Black Knight be pinned to a cross, and for twelve hours be exposed to public scorn and detestation.

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On the day following the Black Knight's interment, the Lady Ida announced, in the presence of her assembled retainers, her intention of immediately becoming the bride of Dugald Astley; and when, on the day of their marriage, she made known the fact that the handsome young advocate who had defended the present Lord Astley was none other than herself, there was a universal shout of admiration and satisfaction.

All medical men unite in declaring that nothing is more beneficial to health than hearty laughter; and surely our benevolent Creator would not have provided, and made it a source of health and enjoyment to use it, and then have made it a sin to do so. The prevailing temper of the mind should be cheerful, yet serious; but there are times when relaxation and enjoyment are proper for all.

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BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

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These scarce conscious reveries were, after all, of no moment—just such as are wont to befall every youth at the period of quitting the teens. So the time passed on. Ghiberti increased in the favor of the grim count, who every day spent a half hour or so in the studio, watching the labor of his favorite, or chatting with him in a condescending way. Maria came with the count, occasionally. She was silent and demure, at these times; but her eyes would now and then speak, whether she chose or no. And thus a cousinly acquaintance was commenced. Afterward, once in a great while, the girl would steal, unheard, over Ghiberti's threshold, tweak his hair, or play some like mischievous prank, and then spring back into the gallery with a merry laugh, quickly escaping thence into the open air.

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Maria appeared more careless of his departure than he could have wished. He passed a sleepless night, disturbed by a natural regret at quitting his home, and, possibly, still more by thoughts of the future on which he was now about to venture. On the morrow, at early daylight, the young artist commenced his journey to Florence. On the hill which gave to him the last view of Malatesta's castle, he paused and cast backward a lingering look. As he did so, perceived he not something white floating like a kerchief from Maria's window? He doubted. It might be the distant glimmering of the light, deceiving his vision. He went on, and as the towers of the castle drooped from sight, his last thought was of Maria.

Ghiberti entered Florence, and as soon as possible, presented himself at the studios of several well-known artists, among whom was the noted sculptor Luoga—to whom the youth bore a letter from the lord of Rimini. The old sculptor seized the letter abruptly, ran it hastily over, and then, sharply regarding Ghiberti, said:

"You come to an over-stocked market, my lad! So you have specimens of your skill to show me? Pretty—pretty! But it is hard telling what sort of flower will come from the bud! However, you need not to be cast down; I have known worse than you to become very tolerable workmen. There, then—go! go! You may come, if you like, some other day, and we will talk your affair over at more leisure, for I am quite busy just now."

Ghiberti left him with spirits sensibly lowered. On the whole, his various receptions were not too encouraging. Some praised him languidly; some warned him strenuously against imbibing the ideas and the style of their rivals, and were in turn equally denounced by others. The majority of those whom Ghiberti visited regarded him and his medallions with positive indifference—affording him few maxims for the guidance of his studies, and even these rather contradictory among themselves. The youth took counsel with himself. His funds were scanty—too much so to afford him a thorough course of instruction in the studio of Donatello, the only master to whom he as yet felt willing to commit himself. He determined for the present to attempt his own guidance, studying natural forms and the visible works of art around him. He procured a room, clay, a few tools, some small fragments of marble, and sat himself assiduously at work, living in the most frugal manner.

He had thus placed himself in a position which quickly dispelled all the flattering illusions of his imagination. He placed his medallions of carved fruit and flowers in the shop windows, and in the public places. Few stopped to gaze, and none to buy. Now and then he would procure from some tradesman an order for a carving to place above his door, or a florin or two for a sculptured head in relief of some townsman whose acquaintance he had formed. Thus starvation was kept from the door. Ghiberti's faith in himself had been strong; but it could not otherwise than yield to the slow and sure advances of discouraging adversity and neglect. In this condition were his fortunes, when the anniversary of his departure from Rimini arrived. The day found him sunk in melancholy. His labors were thrown aside; they were no longer attractive. Even necessity had lost its power. Despair had already usurped its place. Stretched at length on the floor of his poverty-stricken studio, his thoughts wandered far away, endeavoring to force themselves into an uneasy forgetfulness of the present. Plunged in this state of stupefaction, he heard the door of his apartment open, but marked it not. The rustle of a dress, a face bending over his own, and a cloud of soft ringlets, aroused him in astonishment

"*You* here, Maria?"

"Why not, my poor little Ghiberti?" was the half gay, half sad, reply. "I have come to see how you were getting on. And such a toil as I have had to find you!"

"To see how I am getting on?" echoed Ghiberti, glancing about the apartment with an expressive look. "Very well; you perceive I am not yet famous!"

"Hush, my little one!" exclaimed the ardent girl, while the tears rushed to her eyes at the unintended bitterness of his tones. "All that you need is some one to cheer you, and spur you over the barrier that is already about to yield. Here, now, is a talisman which I bring you; use it for my sake, and see if it will not open to you good fortune."

With these words, she seized his hand suddenly and pressed within it a heavy gold coin. No sooner, however, did Ghiberti feel it, than he shrank quickly back, and the gold fell to the floor.

"This from you, Maria! No, no!"

His face was pale, his lips bloodless. Maria, trembling, regarded him for a moment in silence. Then, extending toward him her arms, the blood flowed over her face and neck, tinging all with a warm, impassioned glow.

"Ghiberti," she exclaimed, "I *love* you! You also love me! Will you then mistake my foolish offering? Hear me! I will be yours. We will work together; and I can give hope and love to inspire you in your efforts."

A bewildering haze for a moment obscured the eyes of Ghiberti. A vision of happiness glittered before his vision. But common sense, and the realities of the present, marshalled quickly against the flattering illusion.

"No, Maria," he exclaimed, with a cold but forced composure; "I am a poor and unknown carver, struggling for his daily bread. Were I to snatch you from your father's arms, from plenty and ease, the folly would bring ruin upon us both. I, who can scarce sustain myself—how should I find bread for two?"

Maria's pride was touched to the quick. She deemed that she had been deceived. That composed and icy manner repelled the advance which she now most earnestly repented having made.

"Pardon me, Ghiberti!" she said, turning away pallid as marble. "I must have been beside myself, truly. Let me then bid you farewell."

The door was already open for her departure, when Ghiberti, with a half-stifled cry, sprang forward.

"Dearest Maria," he said, "I have offended you. You know not—indeed you know not my heart. You misjudge me! I cannot with honor say more."

A smiling lustre again overspread her countenance.

"I am not, then, altogether in the wrong. Adieu, Ghiberti! You are right—I must go! But it will not be long before we meet again."

No sooner had the fair vision departed, than Ghiberti relapsed into dejection. But on the next day, his courage returned.

"At least," he said to himself, "I can endeavor to make myself worthy of her regard."

A new project presented itself to his fancy. Two days ago, the thought would have seemed to him the height of mad presumption. He would present himself as a competitor for the gates of the Church of St. John. More than ten years before, Andrew of Pisa had undertaken to make, in bronze, the southern gate of the ancient Church or Baptistry of St. John. So beautiful was the work which, after years of labor, he produced, that the magistrates of Florence, with all the foreign ambassadors, went in state to visit it. The skilful Andrew received the highest praise; the honor of citizenship was conferred upon him, and his name resounded throughout all Italy. So great was the admiration which this master-piece received, that the government of the city resolved to offer the execution of the two remaining gates to the competition of artists of all nations. From those who should present themselves for the purpose, a certain limited number were to be selected as designers. These were to be allowed a year, each, for the execution of the designs. Each of these chosen competitors, furthermore, was to be allowed a sufficient sum for his maintenance in the meantime. At the end of the year, the final selection was to be made.

On this very day, those who desired to enter the list as designers, were to present themselves at the church before the judges. Of the claimants, Ghiberti resolved to be one. At the appointed hour he presented himself, amidst a number of illustrious persons, before a tribunal composed of two cardinals and thirty four of the most excellent artists who had agreed to exclude themselves from the contest. These severe critics exercised a thorough examination of those who sought to enter the honorable list. Ghiberti could scarce sustain their questions.

"Who are you?" they asked. "Whence come you?—and what have you done?"

What could he answer? He had executed clay figures. He had made some small sculptures in marble. Possibly they might find some merit in one or two medallions which he had brought with him for examination. They barely glanced at these, and then, smiling at each other, summarily set him aside. He drew back covered with shame, and conscious of the derision of his companions. Before he had opportunity to depart, however, he was again summoned before the judges.

"Young sir," said one of their number, "your youth and unfriended situation, joined to some indications of talent, have induced us to recall our determination, and to admit you among the number of the designers. You will be furnished with a sum for your year's expenses. It may be well to add that you owe this directly to the intercession of that excellent artist Signor Simon de Bolle, who has himself entered the list. Nor (we are bound in justice to say) are we at all convinced that your qualifications exceed those of many others whom we have found it necessary to exclude. Nevertheless, your youth and want of advantage deserve all fitting encouragement, and we wish you all the success which you may be able to obtain."

It was but a sorry admittance, yet not to be despised by one in Ghiberti's condition. He returned home, and applied himself sedulously to his task. Maria, who had for a time found domicil with a Florentine kinswoman, whom she had left home ostensibly to visit, was not forgetful of the young student, but sent him little messages from time to time, sometimes looking in herself, cheering him with bright eyes and kindly words, and even occasionally adding a spur to his genius by her own suggestions. Ghiberti was happy for the time being. His necessary wants were provided for, he was absorbed in a congenial labor, and, whatever might be his success in the present undertaking, he could scarce fear that his fortunes should fall lower than they had been. Week after week, month after month, passed away, and found Ghiberti bringing forward his designs, laboring morning and evening with undiminished energy. Maria returned to Rimini; but the light of her presence seemed in a great degree to remain, for the artist still worked cheerfully on. At length the expected, the dreaded day, approached—arrived.

A platform had been raised for the judges near the centre of the church, and hither the contending artists came with their designs. A crowd of citizens and others, men and women, filled all the space around; for the contest excited the liveliest interest in the city and the region surrounding. Even the bustle-hating lord of Rimini had joined the concourse—having been induced by the much urging of the gentle Maria to adventure with her on a journey to Florence. One by one, the various contestants were called forward and their designs taken up for examination. Last of all Ghiberti was summoned, and placed his drawings in the hands of the judges. He who first received them eyed them closely, nodded to the next in order, shook his head gravely, and passed the drawings on. A cloud settled for a moment on Ghiberti's brain. His drawings had been rejected. Yet what else could he have expected? He resolved, if possible, to bear his fate without a single inward murmur. Was he not fortunate to have been afforded the honor of contending with such a number of illustrious artists? Looking about him, he caught sight of Maria. Her looks were fixed upon him earnestly, seeming to say—"whether thou fail or succeed, I care little, except it be for thy sake." At length, one of the judges arose and raised his hand. At the signal, all became silent as death.

"We have carefully examined the various designs which have been submitted to us," he said, "and very beautiful as some of them are, it is plain that the palm lies between those of Donatello, Bartoluccio, and Brunnellesco. Between these three, we confess ourselves unable at present to decide. We must, therefore, retain them for further consideration. The other competitors will receive their designs forthwith."

The three great artists thus designated as rivals came forward and glanced at each other's designs in a friendly manner. As they were doing this, Donatello took up a drawing which lay by their side, examined it briefly, and gave it into the hands of his two companions. This action attracted the attention of Cardinal Narni, one of the judges.

"A very meritable drawing," he said, "when we consider the circumstances; and although it cannot compare with such designs as yours, yet we think there is some promise in it. Do you not agree with us?"

Donatello, who had been more particularly addressed, seemed not to observe the question.

"If your reverence and the other judges are willing," he said in return, "we would ask that you delay the dispersal of this assemblage for a few moments. We think it possible that we may adjust our respective claims among ourselves. If, therefore, you see fit, we would ask that our three designs may be delivered to us, that we may endeavor to come to some decision."

The request was speedily granted, and the three friends and rivals retired into a corner by themselves. The assemblage at large, albeit not fully understanding the scene, awaited their return in silence. They did not wait along. Donatello and his two companions stood before the judges. The sculptor paused an instant; then raising a paper high in the air, he said with a clear, loud voice:

"This, honored sirs, is the drawing which we have united in choosing. We have no doubt that it surpasses all others in excellence. On it I see written the name of Lorenzo Ghiberti."

Ghiberti was thunderstruck. He staggered, and would have fallen, had it not been for the ready support afforded by Brunellesco, near whom he had happened to approach. The multitude of spectators, with one impulse, filled the vast edifice with their acclamations. When the sound died away, the Cardinal Narni rose again.

"We must take fault to ourselves," he said, "that we have not sooner, and more fully appreciated that excellence which we can now so clearly perceive. Doubtless," he added, smiling, "our eyes were somewhat dazzled by the fame of these masters of art, who have, with so great magnanimity, awarded the prize to a youth hitherto unknown. To Lorenzo Ghiberti, we, the judges appointed, do now commit the task of forming the gates of St. John. And with the omen of that high approval which he has just received, we doubt not that he will worthily emulate the work which has made Andrew of Pisa immortal."

Again the lofty roof shook with applause, and the multitude began to disperse. But, by the side of the Count Malatesta, still delayed by the throng of people, Maria bent her head on her hands, and wept silently tears of mingled joy and sadness—an emotion inexplicable even to herself, now that Ghiberti had suddenly attained a success greater than she could have dared to hope for him. Meantime, Lorenzo hurried from the judges' stand. Eagerly he sought Maria with his eyes; and, forcing himself through the crowd, pressed on, unconscious of the complaints which he caused.

"Beware, malapert!" exclaimed a citizen whom he jostled. "Hast thou no fear, or thinkest thou that I am made of stone?"

"Hush!" replied a stout burgher. "Do you not see that it is young Ghiberti himself? We can afford to pardon him for once. 'Tis plain he scarce knows what he does; and no great wonder, considering all things."

Ghiberti bowed respectfully to his former patron, but at the same time audaciously seized the hand of Maria.

"I owe it all to you," he whispered.

"You will not forget us, now?" inquired Maria, in a broken voice.

Ghiberti's heart rose in his throat. He could only reply by a more fervent pressure. At this moment, another person joined the now isolated group. It was Donatello, who, with his arms close folded in his mantle, cast a significant glance at the count, as he addressed him aside.

"Worthy sir," said the sculptor, "I suspect that our artist has been aided by other inspiration than that of his art."

"In faith I begin to think so," replied the count, his features relaxing into a grim smile. "And since the youth has so well prospered, he may mate the girl if he will. But I should scarce have said it yesterday."

"Even so," replied Donatello. "Yesterday he was poverty-stricken and unknown. To-day, there is not a man in Florence but might envy him. His fame is sure; and both my name and yours will stand the brighter for the honor which he will reflect upon us."

Ghiberti toiled for years on the bronze gates, which, when finished, far excelled the work of his predecessor, and even the promise of his own designs. Their completion found him rich, and among the first in Italian fame. As he put the last stroke to the second gate (in a side panel of which he had joined his own head and that of his beautiful wife), he turned to his loved Maria, and letting fall the chisel from his hand, pointed to his finished work with the single exclamation: "I owe it all to you!"

MINUTE DOSES.

Some advertising grocers of Leicester advertise "Toothache Cured in One Minute." After this comes an announcement of "Cough Cured in One Minute;" and this again is followed up by the statement of "A Broken Vase made whole in One Minute." The above specifics only teach us what a deal may be achieved in so small a space of time as sixty seconds! We wonder these puffing tea-dealers, who seem to sell everything from bacon to blisters, do not prolong the list of their boasted cures. Why do they not advertise, "Bacon Cured in One Minute," "A Man's Bad Temper Cured in One Minute," or "A Woman's Broken Heart made whole in One Minute." It would not be a bad experiment to send La Traviata to Leicester, to see whether her cough could be cured in the time specified, and whether her broken frame could be repaired as expeditiously as a broken vase.—*Boston Transcript.*

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* The well-known author of "Paolina," the five hundred dollar prize story we published some years since.

Our Curious Department.

[Gathered for The Flag of our Union.]

Strange Story.

The following strange story is related by the "Droll:" A German, who for many years was chief of a band of brigands which committed numerous excesses in Hungary, and who, for his own part, confesses to have perpetrated a great number of crimes, is now detained in the prison of a small town in that country, under sentence of death. An Englishman, on passing through the town, about a fortnight ago, hearing of his exploits, desired to see him, and as he offered the jailor £1 sterling, his wish was soon gratified. He was greatly struck by the immense uncultivated white beard of the brigand, who is 70 years of age. "Do you particularly wish to keep your beard?" asked the Englishman. "My beard keeps to me," answered the brigand, with a laugh. "True; but it could be cut off," answered the Englishman, "and I offer you twenty florins for it." "Agreed! provided my jailor consents," said the brigand. The jailor consented, and the Englishman, paying the brigand twenty florins, cut off the beard and carried it away in triumph. The brigand now expresses great fear lest he should be hanged before a new beard grows.

Perpetual Motion.

A correspondent of the Builder thinks the following instances come as near perpetual motion as any one can desire: "In the rotunda at Woolwich Barracks, there is," he says, "a clock, moved by machinery, which has been going for more than forty years. He further states that he knows a gentleman who has had a watch in his possession for more than thirty years, hermetically sealed, which there is no means of winding, which tells the day of the week, the hours, minutes, seconds, months, and he believes years, and how far you walk in the day. It cost £500, and was made by a Frenchman in Paris. It was left with Mr. Oldham, of the Bank of Ireland, for six weeks, and locked up in his strong box, when the gentleman went into the country, about twenty-five years ago, and the watch goes well, he believes, to this moment."

Longevity.

The following inscriptions are in Shriffnal Church, Shropshire: "William Wakley was baptized at Idsal, otherwise Shiffnal, May the first, 1590, and was buried at Adbasten, Nov. 28, 1714. His age was 124 years and upwards; he lived in the reigns of eight Kings and Queens. D. P."—"August 7th, 1776, Mary, the wife of Joseph Yates, of Lizard Common, within this Parish, was buried. Aged 127 years. She walked to London just after the fire in 1666, was hearty and strong 120 years, and married a third Husband at ninety-two."

Hindoo Prejudices.

At Madras, Hindoo prejudices start up every day, and in every possible form. One man will not take his medicine because it has been given to him out of the left hand; another will not take nourishing diet, because his caste forbids the use of wine and meat; and a third, above fifty years of age, fears to have a carbuncle cut open because his father and mother are not here.

Odd Conceit.

The Russian papers record that a person unknown, and who refused to give his name, recently went to the prison of Tumene, in the Government of Toboisk, in Siberia, and begged that nine pieces of linen might be accepted for the prisoners. In the linen were found wrapped 5000 roubles in notes and 1429 in silver.

Wonderful Specimen.

A piece of muslin, exhibited at the Great Exhibition held in London in 1851, manufactured at Ducca, in India, was of such extraordinary fineness that it weighed, although one yard wide and ten long, but three ounces and two pennyweights, and could be passed through a very small ring.

Singular Formation.

The elastic tissue packed within each hoof of a horse is so folded backward and forward, that it would present a surface of four feet square were it spread out. Thus his limbs and the entire weight of his body rest on spring cushions packed in boxes.

Curious indeed.

By the aid of a microscope the mouldy substance on damp bodies sometimes appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers and fruit can be plainly distinguished.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY N. B. ANDERSON, M. D.

Muse of the mystic lyre, move gently o'er each chord
 Of this frail heart of a thousand, thousand strings,
And tune anew each note with sacred word,
 As o'er our drooping souls shall ring
Back with the echoes pure as those from angels given,
 In concourse sweet—in harmony divine,
Which germinate on high—which bloom in heaven,
 Where love is gentle, holy, pure, benign.

In placid anthems teach us what is love,
 That sacred tie which binds two hearts on earth,
And fetters the angelic choir above—
 Which hail with rapturous song each birth,
That emanates from love's eternal king.
 The empire of the human heart supreme,
Which angels ceaseless to love's sovereign bring,
 And dwells in her eternal beams.

Strike oft and gently each angelic string,
 And let their echo sweetly back to earth
In heavenly strains thy essence bring—
 To teach the faulty heart, degenerate by birth,
That love is heaven—the sacred chords which bind
 All kindred spirits—that strengthens faith,
Which elevates the man—gives brilliancy to mind,
 Makes heaven in the soul—gives virtue birth.

O, what is love?—'tis none but angels know,
 And none can penetrate the mystic seal
Of the arcanum which shuts out below,
 The sacred fire which burns with zeal,
In every heart, in every bosom warm,
 In unison with kindred spirits here below,
Which glow to be re-loved—that gives life charms,
 That makes a paradise of earth—a peerless gift that
  Heaven bestows.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HEIRESS OF NETTLEWOOD.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

A GORGEOUS sunset illuminated all the western windows of an aristocratic mansion, and made it look at a little distance like an enchanted palace. At one of these windows and bathed in the full glory of the setting sun, stood a young girl, whose dark complexion and eyes in which beamed a strange fire, caused her to look so weird-like, that she might easily have been taken as the enchantress who presided in the fairy palace. Her hands were not idle for an instant, but constantly and unweariedly beat some tune upon the broad window-seat. The gleam of sunlight had faded from the dark tops of the pine woods in the distance, and the river which wound past the mansion had caught it and passed it from wave to wave. Slowly, slowly the gleam faded, leaving nothing but the darkly flowing river, the solemn woods and the gray, chill evening.

Still Margaret Rutland stood by the window gazing out, still playing with her fingers the one unvarying tune. She was not dreaming of the sunset, nor of the river nor the woods—she was not even thinking of them, though her eyes mechanically rested upon the scene before her. One thought, one purpose only occupied her mind. Towards the completion of one scheme all the intense powers of her mind were concentrated.

Years ago, the heiress of Nettlewood, then a mere child, had been betrothed by her father to a friend of his, a resident of a modest villa in the vicinity of Nettlewood. For the last three years Mr. Bancroft had been travelling on the continent of Europe, and during that time great changes had taken place in Margaret's home and in Margaret herself.

Mr. Rutland had died, and his shy, little daughter had grown into a woman, and the acknowledged heiress of Nettlewood. Her father's death had made Margaret a deep thinking woman, and what some might have called a haughty woman, yet she was not so in reality.

Her remembrance of Mr. Bancroft was that of a very handsome, agreeable man, much devoted to her. She recollected especially that he had gratified every childish whim which she had ever expressed. She had believed, even been certain, that he had loved her for herself alone. But some one had lately intimated to her that Mr. Bancroft cared little for Margaret Rutland, it was the heiress of Nettlewood to whom he was devoted.

Margaret had received the idea with scorn, and a passionate denial had burst from her lips. She would not, she could not believe it—it was a calumny against one whom her father, her dead father, had trusted. Should she doubt what he had never doubted?

But though she had hurled the idea from her with passionate scorn, yet when alone, it would ever recur to her mind. To-night, especially, as she stood by the western window, the doubt had returned with double force. It was a humiliating position for a proud woman to be placed in, that of having to test the motives of one she had hitherto trusted implicitly, yet for her own sake it was necessary to do this.

Mr. Bancroft would return from Europe in a few weeks, and then he would come to claim her. The question that perplexed Margaret as she stood looking out on the darkly flowing river, and the gray, chill evening, was how she should test the strength of Mr. Bancroft's affection for her.

At length she turned away from the window. The heiress of Nettlewood had matured her plan, and nothing remained now but to put it into execution.

"Aunt, aunt," said Margaret, a week or two afterwards, as she burst into the room where an ancient maiden lady of the Rutland family sat dozing over her knitting work.

"Well, child," said the aunt, waking up with a mighty effort. "But bless me, what madcap scheme are you up to now?"

"Nothing particular, aunt, only I am quite tired of being an heiress and rolling in riches; and Nettie and I have been putting our heads together, and I have concluded to assume her position as seamstress, and she is to assume mine of an idle young lady."

"But your cousin Nettie is not the heiress," said the old lady, ever jealous of Magaret's rights.

"No, but for the mere joke of the thing, I have lately intimated to everybody, that a flaw has been discovered in grandfather's will, which cuts me off entirely from any share of the property. People already look upon Nettie as the heiress."

"But—" commenced the old lady, with a look of horror at the scheme, a look, which increased to a frown, as she observed Margaret's plain, almost quaker-like dress.

"No buts," interrupted the wilful Margaret. "I am determined upon this thing, aunt, and I must carry it out. Mr. Bancroft comes next week, you know, and I want him to think me only a seamstress. So you must order me about as much as possible, and make me very useful."

Aunt Rutland only shook her head and vouchsafed no answer.

"But you haven't told me yet what you think of my dress, aunt," continued Margaret, admiring its prim fit and color in the glass.

"I don't like it," said the old lady, sententiously.

"And the best joke of all," persisted Margaret, "is, that I should meet that dear, old lady, Mrs. Gray, who has been so polite to me, and who is Mr. Bancroft's aunt, you know. I suppose the story of my poverty has reached her ears, for she was so very blind she could not see me, though I passed close to her."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Aunt Rutland, indignantly. "I shall take care and not be over civil to her in future."

Margaret smiled as she left the room. She knew she had gained her aunt to her scheme, for if the old lady had been undecided before, the affront of Mrs. Gray at once determined her to favor Margaret's wild-goose plan, as she termed it.

Nettie Rutland was an orphan and poor. She had preferred to be independent, rather than live on the bounty of others, and so she had long been a seamstress.

The friendship between Margaret and Nettie no circumstance had ever affected. Long ago, when Mr. Bancroft had been a frequent visitor at Nettlewood, Nettie also had been there on visits. But little notice had Mr. Bancroft bestowed upon the poor seamstress then. Margaret wondered if he would see anything more attractive in Nettie, now she was the heiress, than he had before?

The two cousins were busily talking in the room which Margaret called her "snuggery." It was certainly a snug, little place, fitted up with old-fashioned furniture, and the only room in the house where the spiders were allowed to spin their webs unmolested.

"A gentleman wishes to see you in the parlor, Miss Margaret," said the servant, who had just knocked at the door.

Margaret rose, took off her ornaments one by one, and putting on a dark, plain dress, descended to meet Mr. Bancroft.

He was certainly the same handsome, agreeable man she remembered so well, but for the first time Margaret thought she could detect the absence of something, she hardly knew what, in those handsome features. He greeted her as quietly as if their parting had been a few hours before, instead of three years. He certainly was not fond of "scenes."

He spoke of his travels, of the countries he had visited, and made a passing but affecting allusion to her father's death, which had taken place in the first year of his absence.

Margaret began to like him much more than she had ever done before. Either he had not yet heard the story, which Mrs. Gray was certain to tell him, or else, and Margaret in her heart believed this to be the truth, he was too honorable a man, for any change in her circumstances to affect his sentiments.

"Have you been to Mrs. Gray's yet?" asked Margaret.

"Yes," was Mr. Bancroft's quiet answer.

Margaret felt relieved. It was quite certain he knew the whole story, and yet his manner was quite as kind as it ever had been. Yet still she determined to test him thoroughly.

The next day when Mr. Bancroft called, and entered the parlor with the freedom of an old friend, he encountered two young ladies instead of one. Margaret was seemingly devoted to a huge pile of work in a distant part of the room, whilst Nettie sat negligently inspecting a dainty piece of embroidery. Margaret's dress certainly presented a very glaring contrast to Nettie's rich silk, so Mr. Bancroft thought; and so any one would have thought.

Margaret introduced her cousin to Mr. Bancroft, and then sat down again quietly to her work.

Mr. Bancroft, though he took a seat near Margaret and talked with her, constantly watched Nettie. It was evident she had quite an attraction for him in some way or another. Aunt Rutland coming in interrupted him; she greeted him, and then turned to Margaret and commenced a smothered conversation, which, polite as he was, Mr. Bancroft could not avoid hearing.

"Is my dress nearly finished, Margaret?"

"Not quite—I have still the trimming to sew on."

"Then I am afraid you have not been very industrious," said Aunt Rutland, with an agonizing attempt at a frown.

"I am sure, aunt, I will try my best to finish the dress this evening," said Margaret, in a tone befitting a seamstress. At the same time she returned with renewed energy to the work she held in her hand.

"That is right, Margaret," said the old lady, apparently pacified. "And Nettie's dress must be done to-morrow."

"Yes, aunt."

The whole conversation had reached Mr. Bancroft's ears, and confirmed the previous account of the change in Margaret's fortune, which he had received from his aunt. To be sure it seemed rather sudden; but then, three years might effect a great deal. It would be quite natural for Margaret, having lost her property, to resort to sewing in order to obtain a living, and it would be quite natural for her rich relatives to offer her a home, and treat her as rich relatives generally do treat poor ones. But what puzzled him most of all was, how Margaret, passionate and high-spirited as he knew her to have been, could bear to remain in her old home where everything reminded her of her father, and of the luxuries which she had once enjoyed.

The more closely he watched Nettie, the more he observed that her new honors sat rather awkwardly upon her. Aunt Rutland, too, was positively tyrannical to Margaret, and it made him angry to think of the conversation he had just heard. The remark that Mrs. Gray had made to him came into his mind, that "of course, Margaret Rutland wouldn't aspire to him now." He almost fancied that was Aunt Rutland's thought, too, by the coolness with which she had reproved Margaret in his hearing.

Days passed, and still Mr. Bancroft had never once alluded to the engagement between himself and Margaret—it seemed to have slipped his mind entirely. He was apparently devoted to the lively Nettie, and constantly accompanied her in all her excursions. The quiet Margaret was often left at home at such times, but she no longer laughed over her scheme with her aunt and Nettie—it was getting too terribly real—Mr. Bancroft every day assumed a higher value in her eyes, as all objects do when we are losing them.

But whatever pain it might cost her, she determined to carry out her scheme, and ascertain whether or not Mr. Bancroft were worthy of her. If he were, then her reward would be sure and lasting—but if not, she would cast him from her mind forever.

"I am sure, Margaret," said Nettie, several weeks afterwards, as the two stood together in Margaret's dressing-room, "I am sure I don't wish to wear this dress, nor these ornaments. Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Yes," said Margaret, quietly.

"O," said Nettie, with a long sigh—"it makes me think of the old saying about 'borrowed plumage,' etc."

"Only this one," pleaded Margaret, as she fastened in her hair the one single white rosebud, the only ornament she wore.

There was to be a party that night at Nettlewood for the first time since Mr. Bancroft's return. The idea had had its birth in Aunt Rutland's head, and Margaret had made no opposition. Indeed, she rather liked the idea, for she had determined on that very evening, if she had an opportunity, to free Mr. Bancroft from his engagement. She felt that, if not indifferent to her, his manner was very strange, at least. And it was better to free him at once from what was obviously distasteful to him.

Nettie looked perfectly bewitching in the rich white silk and the superb ornaments which Margaret had insisted she should wear. But lovelier still was Margaret in her simple, white muslin, with the one rosebud in her hair. Nettie clapped her hands, and then paused in admiration before her cousin.

"I am sure," said she, at length, "no one could possible resist you—not even the mercenary Mr. Bancroft himself, though I do not believe he deserves that title."

Margaret did not answer, and Nettie still ran on in a light way.

"I think him a very handsome, agreeable man, but though I see him so much, he scarcely deigns to talk with me—he seems to be constantly lost in thought. I think his brother is a much more agreeable personage."

"Indeed!" said Margaret, smiling, and the two descended to the parlors. There was quite a goodly number assembled, including Mrs. Gray, to whom Aunt Rutland, as Margaret observed with some amusement, was not over civil.

Later in the evening, Margaret stood at that same western window, and unconsciously lost in thought, played the same old tune upon the window seat. The same scene was before her, as when she had planned to test one, who had now become too dear to her—too dear to lose, and yet she feared she must lose him. There was the darkly flowing river, the solemn woods traced against the sky, and a grayer and a chiller evening than it had been on that former season. The sounds in the neighboring rooms were subdued into a murmur in Margaret's retirement—she half wished that then and there she could free Mr. Bancroft from his engagement. Speak of persons, or think of them, and they are sure to be near you. Margaret turned to encounter Mr. Bancroft, who had entered the room unnoticed by her.

"I am glad you have come," said Margaret, who began at once upon the matter, which she had intended to reserve for a long speech. "I wanted very much to say to you, that I think it best—to free you entirely from an engagement, which was entered into under very different circumstances."

"What other circumstances?" asked Mr. Bancroft, quietly.

"Then I was an heiress—and now I am very poor," said Margaret.

"For which reason, I am all the more rejoiced that I can offer you a home. Whilst I have been apparently indifferent to you, I have still been watchful, and have come to the conclusion that I like you better without your money than with it. So what do you say, Margaret, when I tell you I shall not free you from our engagement, nor yet be free myself?"

"I cannot help it," said Margaret, with a joyful laugh; "nor would I if I could—but I am afraid you will never win the seamstress."

"Why?" asked Mr. Bancroft.

"Because she will return to her proper character, as heiress of Nettlewood, and you know you have an objection to heiresses."

"Which I will overrule this time," was the answer—"for your sake, and not for the sake of the money."

I will just add, that Mrs. Gray recovered her eyesight in a wonderful manner immediately after Margaret's wedding. And moreover, Nettie Rutland, the native seamstress, saw fit to marry the handsome and agreeable brother of Mr. Bancroft. So that altogether there was no end to the weddings and the wedding parties.

* * *

Not the rich, but the wise, avoid misery, and become happy and blessed.

THE
FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "The Flag of our Union," and the work be thus procured for each at ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D., Lexington, Va.—Write to any New York bookseller for Chapman's Drawing-Books.

YOUNG AMERICA.—The American Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777, "Resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Some have supposed that the colors might have been derived from the arms of General Washington, which contained three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. There is no means of knowing, at this day, whether this conjecture is correct; but the coincidence is very striking. There were several flags used before the striped flag by the Americans.

E. E.—General Macomb died at Washington, June 25th, 1841.

SCRIBBLER.—Hook's "Sayings and Doings" yielded him a profit of about 10,000 dollars.

R. S.—Legare died in Boston, June 16, 1843. He had accompanied President Tyler to be present at the ceremonies of the completion of Bunker Hill Monument.

N. M. & Co., Philadelphia.—There is a somewhat extended notice of the Green Vault at Dresden in Madame Octavia Le Vert's "Souvenirs of Travel," recently published. The description, however, is not very minute.

M. R. V., Columbus, Ohio.—The answer to your questions would involve quite a research among law books, and in fact, could only be given by a professional lawyer. We cannot, of course, undertake to supply such information.

TRAVELLER.—By far the largest quantity of eels sold in the English markets are imported from Holland.

J. C.—"L'Enfant de ma femme" appeared in 1812, when the writer was in his 18th year only.

PHILO-SCOTUS.—The Highlanders designate the Kilt as the philabag. A few Highland regiments in the British service still retain it.

MARIA M., New Bedford.—The reign of Queen Victoria commenced June 20, 1837, when she was in her nineteenth year.

S. S.—Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, died of apoplexy, March 24, 1844. You are right as to his fortune. It amounted to nearly a million of dollars, and was bequeathed in his will to the founding of a museum that bears his name.

BY-ROAD.—The Calcutta Bible Society was instituted in 1811; the Madras Bible Society in 1820, and the Bombay Society in 1813; the American Bible Society in 1816.

MECHANIC, East Boston.—Mr. J. P. Smith patented a screw propeller, in England, in 1836, and it was very soon afterwards introduced into a large number of vessels.

VOYAGEUR.—Late researches have rendered the propriety of acid diet as a treatment for scurvy somewhat doubtful.

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THE INDIAN ATROCITIES.

At a public dinner at London, recently, our minister, Mr. Dallas, made the following remarks in reference to the Indian mutiny: "Sympathy has been invoked from foreign nations in reference to the state of affairs in India. I am not here to speak as to the extent to which my government or the people of the United States sympathize with the struggle of England against India. That is not the thought I wish to express. The thought that I wish to express is in reference to the treatment that is to be dealt to those who have distinguished themselves in the field of crime in that unhappy region. Now crimes are of various descriptions. Mutiny and murder are heavy crimes—they are dark and gloomy crimes, but they were crimes known to us all, and they are crimes committed in almost every community, and under almost every government. Penalties are specially provided for these crimes in the respective criminal codes of the various countries. Let such crimes be punished wherever they occur, according to law. That is the first and clearest principle of action. But there are other crimes—crimes at least of another character, which become so monstrous as to assume the attitude of enmity to the human race—not merely crimes committed with reference to the power of India—not merely crimes inimical to England—not merely crimes inimical to Europe and its civilization—but crimes that constitute their perpetrators what pirates are—what cannibals of the Fejee Islands are—enemies of the human race! and meriting not from one nation—not from one people, but from the whole of the human race summary and exemplary extirpation! This, as it appears to me, is not the language of any particular individual, or any particular country, but the language of human nature; and although I am unable to say how far such language may be concurred in by the great body of my fellow-citizens on the opposite side of the Atlantic, yet I think I know them well enough to say that no language can be too strong—no words too impressive—no force too sudden—no blows too severe, for crimes such as those which have been perpetrated in India." The speech was received with great cheering.

We are quite sure that Mr. Dallas's remarks, prudently put forth as the expression of individual opinion, will receive a hearty endorsement from his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic. From the first, as our readers are aware, we have taken a similar view of the Eastern tragedy, and there are comparatively few in this enlightened country, who have hesitated to express their detestation of the acts of the ruffians that have dyed the soil of India with the blood of innocent women and children, and perpetrated deeds on those defenceless ones, stamped with such atrocity and bestiality, that their recital in the English tongue and in the English land is justifiable only on the ground of necessity. Lord Shaftesbury, in a late speech, detailed atrocities on the part of the mutineers, that we dare not republish, and there were behind his statements other fiendish deeds which he could not trust his tongue to speak.

Now while we readily admit that the past history of India is blackened with many unjustifiable and cruel acts on the part of English officials, with extortion, oppression and even torture, these facts have nothing to do with the case in hand. The present outburst is not a popular revolution. It did not emanate with the people of India, nor has its course been marked by a single act of justice, of moderation, of patriotism. It has been simply the sanguinary carnival of incarnate fiends, a saturnalia of rapine, lust, and almost incredible ferocity. The most cruelly treated of the victims were the most innocent—women who could by no possibility have injured their worse than murderers—lisping babes whose innocence should have melted hearts of stone. The severest punishments that the English have inflicted on those who have fallen into their hands were absolute blessings compared to the fate to which the mutineers subjected their helpless victims. When we read of English women coming to Calcutta with their ears and noses and hands cut off—innocent and delicately nurtured women—our blood boils within our veins. Suppose such atrocities had been inflicted on our own wives and families, is there a man whose lips would not have syllabled the stern cry of vengeance? Is there a man who would think blowing into rags from the muzzles of cannon too severe a punishment for the perpetrators? Yet sad is the spectacle presented, both by the crime and the punishment, and it is melancholy to think that in this age, tragedies on so vast a scale can be enacted.

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ROSSINI.

Rossini has lived to see his own creations undiminished in public favor through a period which embraces a Bellini, a Donizetti, and a Verdi. The old man is often seen strolling along the Boulevards, Paris, his restless and still brilliant eye never failing to recognize the approach of a friend. Time has been wonderfully sparing with that rare mind. Rossini is still in possession of all his mental faculties, and converses with the animation and enthusiasm of a temperament winged with a joyous elasticity, such as one might imagine was in full vigor when the "Barbiere de Siviglia" was created. He takes a lively interest in the political condition of Italy, and will speculate on the regeneration of his native land in the language of a patriot. He never visits the theatres, and seldom speaks of music; but whenever he does refer to the art of which he is so brilliant a star, it is ever to bestow a kind word on those who have followed him. Another noble feature in the character of Rossini is his kindness in receiving unknown artists and composers. It may easily be imagined how many aspirants of the musical art are anxious to be presented to the immortal Rossini, and how much value they place on his opinions and advice; yet he seldom refuses the request of a friend to present any artist of promising talents. He is very charitable, and although possessing limited means, frequently performs acts of charity, only a few of which are known to the world. His habits are simple, and his intercourse with the world exceedingly limited. He receives a small musical circle once a week, the evening hours being occupied with conversation and occasionally a little music. Rossini himself seldom touches the piano. We do not hope that he will ever write again; he has frequently said that he has done his best, and has no wish to give the world anything after the "Stabat," which was the solemn heaven-painted sunset of his glorious day; it is the religious hymn of a soul conscious of its approaching flight. We do not remember any great man who has lived so many years after the consolidation of his fame as Rossini.

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"THE FLAG OF OUR UNION."—By a critical examination of our columns, it will be observed that we give in these pages each weel matter suited to every taste, old and young, mal and female. It has required years of experienc and careful attention to bring the "Flag" t its present perfected condition, and we hav abundant reason to be satisfied with the extende and growing patronage it receives.

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SWEET POTATOES.—Henry L. Whiting, o West Tisbury, on the Vineyard, has raised, thi season, upon twelve rods of ground, about six teen bushels of sweet potatoes. The quality good, the roots as large as usual, and as swe and highly flavored as those from the Souther market.

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BREAD-MAKING.—A machine for makin bread, invented in France, is now being ex hibited at the Institute Fair, in Crystal Palac New York. It is said to do up the business ad mirably, and makes a saving of fifty per cent the cost of labor.

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THE HAPPIEST MAN.—The happiest man the world is the man with just wealth enough keep him in spirits, and just children enough t make him industrious.

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GOING AHEAD.—A large number of unfinish buildings, upon which work was suspended a fe weeks ago, are again in progress, says the Ne York Journal of Commerce.

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TOGETHER.—Remember that "The Flag o our Union" and "Ballou's Pictorial" are se together for $4 a year.

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In this strange mess, among other curious notions, the medical uses of the human skull are gravely insisted upon. All skulls, Dr. Brunori informs us, are not of equal value. Indeed, those of persons who have died a natural death are good for little or nothing. The *reason* of this is, that the disease of which they died has consumed or dissipated the essential spirit! The skulls of murderers and bandits are particularly efficacious. And this is clearly because not only the essential spirit of the cranium is concentrated therein by the nature of their violent death, but also the force of it is increased by the long exposure to the atmosphere occasioned by the heads of such persons being ordinarily placed on spikes over the gates of cities! Such skulls are used in various ways. Preparations of volatile salt, spirit, gelatine, essence, etc., are made from them, and are very useful in epilepsy and hemorrhage. The notion that soldiers have, that drinking out of a skull renders them invulnerable in battle, is a mere superstition—though respectable writers do mention that such a practice is a preventive against scrofula. Verily medical science in Italy in the beginning of the last century must have been at a very low ebb indeed!

ROSSINI.

Rossini has lived to see his own creations undiminished in public favor through a period which embraces a Bellini, a Donizetti, and a Verdi. The old man is often seen strolling along the Boulevards, Paris, his restless and still brilliant eye never failing to recognize the approach of a friend. Time has been wonderfully sparing with that rare mind. Rossini is still in possession of all his mental faculties, and converses with the animation and enthusiasm of a temperament winged with a joyous elasticity, such as one might imagine was in full vigor when the "Barbiere de Siviglia" was created. He takes a lively interest in the political condition of Italy, and will speculate on the regeneration of his native land in the language of a patriot. He never visits the theatres, and seldom speaks of music; but whenever he does refer to the art of which he is so brilliant a star, it is ever to bestow a kind word on those who have followed him. Another noble feature in the character of Rossini is his kindness in receiving unknown artists and composers. It may easily be imagined how many aspirants of the musical art are anxious to be presented to the immortal Rossini, and how much value they place on his opinions and advice; yet he seldom refuses the request of a friend to present any artist of promising talents. He is very charitable, and although possessing limited means, frequently performs acts of charity, only a few of which are known to the world. His habits are simple, and his intercourse with the world exceedingly limited. He receives a small musical circle once a week, the evening hours being occupied with conversation and occasionally a little music. Rossini himself seldom touches the piano. We do not hope that he will ever write again; he has frequently said that he has done his best, and has no wish to give the world anything after the "Stabat," which was the solemn heaven-painted sunset of his glorious day; it is the religious hymn of a soul conscious of its approaching flight. We do not remember any great man who has lived so many years after the consolidation of his fame as Rossini.

"The Flag of our Union."—By a critical examination of our columns, it will be observed that we give in these pages each week matter suited to every taste, old and young, male and female. It has required years of experience and careful attention to bring the "Flag" to its present perfected condition, and we have abundant reason to be satisfied with the extended and growing patronage it receives.

Sweet Potatoes.—Henry L. Whiting, of West Tisbury, on the Vineyard, has raised, this season, upon twelve rods of ground, about sixteen bushels of sweet potatoes. The quality is good, the roots as large as usual, and as sweet and highly flavored as those from the Southern market.

Bread-Making.—A machine for making bread, invented in France, is now being exhibited at the Institute Fair, in Crystal Palace. New York. It is said to do up the business admirably, and makes a saving of fifty per cent in the cost of labor.

The happiest Man.—The happiest man in the world is the man with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

Going ahead.—A large number of unfinished buildings, upon which work was suspended a few weeks ago, are again in progress, says the New York Journal of Commerce.

Together.—Remember that "The Flag of our Union" and "Ballou's Pictorial" are sent together for $4 a year.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Now is the time to form Clubs!!

SUBSCRIBE EARLY!!

We have made arrangements to produce in the coming year, the best volume of *The Flag of our Union* which we have yet published. It is now *twelve years* since we commenced this favorite journal, and at no time have we had so large a subscription list, or so heavy an edition as at this moment. This success is the result of no spasmodic effort, but arises from a steady, unflagging purpose to present to the public a truly valuable journal, beautifully printed upon the *finest material*, and in the best style. The new volume will commence with one of the choicest original nautical stories we have ever published, entitled:

THE SCARLET FLAG:

—OR,—

THE CARIBBEAN ROVER.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

The most popular novelette writer in the country, and one whose stories have found more readers than those of any writer on this side of the Atlantic. The period of this story is one of the daring Buccaneers of the Caribbean Sea, whose marvellous doings and strange organization will be given with vivid truthfulness.

The coming volume of *The Flag of our Union* will present the best array of *original novelettes* which we have ever given in one year, all finely illustrated by original drawings. We have several new and popular contributors also engaged, and have a fund of spicy and highly entertaining sketches, tales, and adventures in store for the coming volume.

The present popular style of our paper will be continued, and we have some additional improvements which will be introduced for the benefit and pleasure of our army of readers.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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To any person who sends us a club of *fifty* subscribers, with the money, we will present a complete set of *Ballou's Pictorial*, in *twelve* bound volumes, full gilt, with illumined covers, title pages, and indexes, uniformly and elegantly bound, the wholesale price of which is $24. Here is a chance for any person to obtain a superbly illustrated library containing over *ten thousand* brilliant engravings, without money!

M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Thackeray says very justly that all the amusements of youth to which women are not admitted, are deleterious in their nature. This truth is fast becoming generally recognized and acted on in this country, where a more than chivalrous homage is paid to the high qualities of the female character. Ladies are no longer excluded from our public banquets; and if they have banished wine, what true man will not acknowledge that the smile of a woman is more inspiring than the blush of the nectar in the cup of Bacchus—a blush, by the way, which is very apt to be transferred to the nose of the Bacchanalian? Who would not rather drink in "water, bright water," "a health to dear woman!" than shout "Evoe Bacche!" over the cups of a tipsy orgy?

A new Explanation.—"Barry Gray," in the Home Journal, speaks of a paper he has prepared on the financial troubles, and says: "In it I assume the ground that the present deplorable condition of our country is owing almost entirely to the reckless extravagance of school-boys; and I therein prove, by proper and reliable statistics, derived from the heads of colleges and schools, that the enormous sum of twenty-six millions of dollars is annually expended by boys and girls under twenty years of age, in the purchase of candies, ice-cream, cakes, tarts, etc., in the Northern and Middle States alone."

Vesuvius.—The lava is flowing down from Vesuvius in two several branches, though not in any great body. Meanwhile a third outlet higher up, has been opened, from which volcanic matter is being thrown out. In consequence of this, and the stones which are projected from the volcano into the air, the ordinary access to the summit is rendered impossible, and people now ascend by Torre del Greco.

Wholesale Robbery by Chloroform.—The American House at Guttenburg, Wisconsin, was entered lately, and the inmates of one chamber, being five persons, were dosed with chloroform, the room ransacked, and the clothes of the sleepers taken out into the street and robbed of their contents, valued at $614.

A Western Bride.—Miss Gardiner, who was made captive by the Indians at Spirit Lake, and rescued from Inkpaduah's band, after suffering outrageous treatment, was married in August, and resides near Fort Dodge, Iowa.

What is Greatness?—A mother in Israel has furnished this reply: "A great man is one who can make his children obey him when they are out of his sight."

A Word for Hard Times.—Solomon says: "Labor not to be rich. Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven."

Land Warrants.—Since 1847, the whole number of land warrants issued is 503,082, covering 53,683,870 acres.

Peace and Virtue.—Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never very far apart.

Learning.—Learning does not always fill the pocket, however much it may fill the head.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A single vine near Strasbourg has this year produced grapes yielding 30 gallons of wine.

Gaming is like a quicksand, which may swallow a man up without a moment's warning.

Gen. Casimer Lacoste was killed at New Orleans lately in a duel, with Mr. Edward Garcia.

To acquire money justly, to use it soberly, and to distribute it cheerfully, is to live contentedly.

There are eighteen establishments in this country which can make 1400 tons of steel a year.

Remember that gain is temporary and uncertain, but that expenses are constant and certain.

The Austrian army has been greatly cut down. Thirty general officers are placed on the retired list.

Glory liveth after good men; death cannot take away the laurel crowns they win.

A long time ago, excellent paper was made from wood, by a French process, in Paris.

Great designs attempted to be carried out by inadequate means, have ruined many noble men.

Mr. Geo. W. Jameson, actor and author, has produced a new drama called the "Convict Niece."

Hasty resolutions seldom speed well. Deliberate counsel ought to precede action in life.

Several thousand bushels of salt were lost lately by the rising of the Onondaga Lake.

Grudge not another that which you cannot attain yourself. Envy is the basest of passions.

Neal Braton and wife are to be hanged at London, C.W. for poisoning Mrs. B.'s former husband.

Good counsel is always thrown away on the conceited; reserve your advice for wise men.

The grand prairie, Indiana, was on fire lately, and lit up the sky like an aurora borealis.

Give your tongue more holidays than your hands and eyes; the tongue is improved by rest.

The kings of Sardinia and Greece have each subscribed 10,000 francs for the Indian relief fund.

Gentleness is a talisman which almost always disarms the fierce, and melts even the stubborn.

During the visit of our frigate Congress to Canea, Candia, the pasha entertained the officers.

Cultivate good common sense, and you will rarely have occasion to complain of lacking such.

"Romance after marriage, or the maiden wife," is the new comedy, by Goodrich and Warden.

Greatness may rear a stately mausoleum, but goodness alone can furnish an epitaph.

The United States have made a treaty with Nicaragua which has been signed at Washington.

Wealth is not to be despised, but you must obtain it honestly, and use it with sense and frugality.

GLASS IN WINDOWS.

It is impossible to determine at what period glass utensils for domestic purposes were first introduced in England. Window-glass appears to have been used in the churches in France as early as the sixth century, and, according to Bede, artificers skilled in the art of glass-making were invited into England, by Abbot Benedict, in the seventh century; and the churches and monasteries of Wearmouth and Garrow were glazed and adorned by his care. Wilfrid, Bishop of Worcester, about the same time took similar steps for substituting glass in lieu of the heavy shutters which were then in use; and great astonishment was excited, and supernatural agency was suspected, when the moon and stars were seen through a material which excluded the inclemency of the weather. York Cathedral was glazed about the same time; and in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when a great stimulus was given to the erection of religious edifices, glass was generally employed in the windows. It appears to have been used in domestic edifices, but very sparingly, to a much later period, when it seemed to be gradually adopted in the residences of the wealthy. In Brooke's abridgement, tit. "Chatteles," A. D. 1505, it was held that though the framework of the windows belonged to the heir, the *glass* was the property of the executors—"for the house is perfect without the glass." In 1559 the court of common pleas decided otherwise, "for without glass it was no perfect house."

Theatrical Adventurers.—Mr. Copping, the successful Australian theatrical manager, is now in England engaging "stars" for the antipodes. Anderson, the wizard, will return with him. Mr. A., in bringing his season at the Lyceum, London, to a close, gave an interesting account of his career. He said that, during the last twenty years, he had paid £25,000 for advertising, £13,000 for bill-printing, and £4500 for bill-posting. He had posted 365,000 square miles of paper on the walls of London, and in doing this he had used 1,363,000 lbs. of paste.

Minerals discovered.—Extensive beds of rich zinc ore were recently discovered in Marion county, Arkansas, on the headwaters of the White River. Lead ore is so rich and abundant in Marion county that the people make their rifle balls from it. In Polk county, many persons have been casting their bullets from the native ore for several years past.

South Africa.—A letter from Rev. Mr. Holman, missionary at Cape Palmas, speaks of the rapid decrease of idolatry among the natives. He says, "I shall probably send you a box of greegrees, as the people are giving them up by the barrow-load! *'The idols He shall utterly abolish.'* "

Blowing his Trumpet.—Parson Brownlow says that the natural pitch of his voice is such that he could speak to a ten acre field of live Yankees without any inconvenience to himself. Of course the parson could "make Rome howl" like Ned Forrest.

A Call for Laborers.—The Galena (Ill.) Advertiser, in alluding to the great number of laborers thrown out of employment at the East, says, that for at least ten thousand, no better opening will be found than in the lead mines there.

Royal Extravagance.—The hire of the hotel at Drachenfels, which inn was engaged exclusively for the Prince of Wales and his suite (six gentlemen and four servants), cost £60 a day.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The French Artist: or, Life Scenes in the gay Capital," a tale of the stirring times of the old French Revolution, by Oliver Boundberry.

"Peccavi," stanzas by James Franklin Fitts.

"The Crown of Norway," a tale by Francis W. Butmann.

"The Countess Romayloff: or, The Siberian Exile," a story by Mrs. J. D. Baldwin.

"The Neglected," verses by Corolla H. Criswell.

"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine engraving of the Sister Stars, Misses Lucille and Helen Western, now performing at the National Theatre, Boston.

A group of pictures of the Cosmopolitan Art Union Association, New York, giving busts of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Shakspeare, and statues of Aurora, a student, Fidelity and Psyche.

View of the Lunatic Asylum, Columbus, Ohio; Bridge over the Big Darby; Railroad Station at Xenia, Ohio; and the Ohio Penitentiary, at Columbus.

Portrait of Miss Louisa Pyne, the celebrated English Prima Donna.

Picture of the New Gateway to Boston Common, at the entrance from the vicinity of West Street.

Liverpool Pilot Craft, and a picture of the method of hoisting a pilot on board in heavy weather.

⁂ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

A tax upon foreign and local newspapers has been imposed in Austria.

Cardinal Wiseman is about to publish his "Personal Reminiscences of the last Four Popes."

The building of the new Italian Opera House has been commenced on the site of old Covent Garden Theatre.

The "memoirs" of Guizot are to be published next January, in Paris. They will illuminate the events of 1830 and 1848.

M. Thiers was at Laon recently, surveying the ground on which the battle of the 8th and 9th of March, 1815, was fought under the walls of that town.

M. Tissot, an engineer of some standing, has communicated to the French Academy of Science, the description of an engine entirely worked by the expansive power of ether.

A monument to Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, is in process of erection at Portruth, Ireland. It will be an obelisk forty-two feet high, and a statue of the great commentator.

A weekly newspaper is about to be established at Beirut. It will be the first ever issued in Syria, and will be in the Arabic language, and supported and conducted entirely by natives.

The funeral of General Cavaignac was very imposing, 15,000 followed the hearse, and large detachments of troops were in the procession. There were also many Republican leaders present. Everything passed off quietly. There was no address at the tomb.

Two officers of the Swiss regiment in the service of the Pope, have been condemned for fighting a duel—one to five years imprisonment and 1000 crowns fine, the other to four years imprisonment and 800 crowns fine. Their seconds have also been fined and imprisoned.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Vanity is mental dram-drinking.

The most abandoned respect and admire virtue.

We are not called upon to exercise judgment so much as mercy and love.

A coquette only jilts herself when she marries the fellow she has promised to marry.

Love is a heart complaint, of which the cure is frequently more painful than the disease itself.

Stupidity must be contagious, for if you notice, a witty fellow is always less happy in the company of fools.

When parents spoil their children, it is less to please them than to please themselves. It is the egotism of parental love.

Love is such a beggar, that when you have given him all you have, he still goes on begging for more.

Forget injuries and remember benefits; if you grant a favor forget it, if you receive one, remember it.

Nothing can be great which is not right; nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind.

The public is a body very much like that which assembles round a dinner-table, and the wise host will cater for all.

Women are like books—malice and envy will easily lead you to the detection of their faults; but their beauties good judgment can only discover, and good nature relish.

Envy is a glutton that is never at a loss for a meal; and a glutton, too, that let it feed as grossly as it will, is sure to leave off with an appetite, and ready to begin again.

One may show tremendous courage for another, and yet be a coward for oneself—as you will frequently see a man put his name to a bill for a friend, who will not, on any consideration, do it for himself.

Joker's Budget.

When is a forest like a flower? Ans.—When it is "Piney" (peony).

When is a farmer like a seamstress? Ans.—When he sows tares (sews tears).

A Slice of Ham.—"I'll thank you for an elegant extract from Bacon."

A Celestial Con.—Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot?—Because brevity is the *sole* of it.

Our business men in these days, like the leaves of autumn, should put their best faces on their falling fortunes.

The science of getting on well with a woman is like violin playing. It depends principally on the beauing.

What is the difference between Noah's ark and a down east coaster? One was made of Gopher wood, and the other was made to go for wood.

A Michigander brags of his pumpkins, which grew twelve feet in a week. Our government ought to plant some of these vines to carry the mails.

New York advices prominently mention a state of things which is surely common enough in most places. "Those in want of money were obliged to do without it."

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?" "No, sir; but it amounted to the same thing; the landlord footed me."

A Western editor closes a pretty long article by saying, "We have no rum for further remarks to-day." He had better send out and get some if he can't possibly manage to write without it.

A distinguished writer says: "There is but one place in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men, and that is the Golden Rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

Quill and Scissors.

A young man named Martin Shaffer, of Somerset, Mich., in loading his rifle, got the ball stuck fast in the middle of the barrel, when he unbreeched it, took out the powder, and laid the barrel on a bed of coals to melt the ball. After the barrel had become heated, he stooped down to look into it, when the contents exploded, the heated ball entering his eye and killing him instantly.

A man in England was recently killed by a turnip, which a woman he was abusing threw at him. He was the worse for liquor, and fell backwards on the ground. He was taken up insensible, and removed to an inn, where medical aid was at once procured, but after lingering for two hours he died, never having spoken after the occurrence.

A report of Prince Napoleon on the Great Industrial Exhibition at Paris in 1855 has just appeared. The total number of visitors was five million one hundred and sixty-two thousand—the receipts were 2,875,000 francs, and the expenses were nearly three times as much. The entire loss, therefore, was over a million dollars.

At Albany, during a very heavy rain one day lately, a gentleman dropped a roll of bills—about $700—in the street He soon after missed it, and on retracing his steps, found a number of boys poking the bills out of the gutter with broomsticks and pieces of lath. He recovered only $107 of the "floating currency."

In the District Court at Pittsburg, Pa., a day or two since, a young lady of that city obtained a verdict of $1300 against a well known dry goods merchant, for having falsely accused her of defrauding him of a pair of corsets, and publicly insulting her in consequence.

The sulphur treatment of the vine in Portugal seems to have done as much harm as good. The benefits in the treatment of the vine disease have been counteracted by its effect on the flavor of the wine. Sulphurated "old crusted port" would not be so delicious!

Two boys named Stype and Newman, aged respectively 16 and 13 years, had a trifling dispute in Callicoon, Sullivan County, N. Y., a few days since, when Stype took a gun, charged with pigeon shot, and fired it at Newman, mortally wounding him in the right side.

A man in Fall River lately applied for aid from the city and received it, who had fifteen dollars due him at the Fall River Iron Works. On applying at the counting-room of the Iron Works for his pay, the amount he received from the city was deducted. Served him right.

The farmers of Lanesboro have suffered heavy losses from their sheep-cotes of late, and one of them, on discovering a roll of pelts in his pasture, found a note inside with the pleasing information that "I have taken seventeen of your sheep, and when I want more I will call again."

Mrs. Elizabeth Grant, widow of Alexander Grant, who was killed by the accident at the Desjardins Bridge, has recovered $11,200 damages from the Great Western Railroad Company for the death of her husband, to be divided between herself and her children.

Sir Charles Lyell, at the last accounts, was about to ascend Mount Vesuvius, which is now in a state of eruption. The eruption increases rather than diminishes, and many prognosticate a grand blow up.

The system of Portuguese telegraphs, in direct connection with those of Spain, France and England, have just been opened. They have been carried out by English contractors.

While gunning with his brother in Willimantic, Conn., a young man named Brown committed suicide by shooting himself dead. He imagined that his parents did not treat him well.

It is stated that the Secretary of War, in his forthcoming annual report, will not make any recommendations or estimates in regard to river and harbor improvements.

It is estimated that the wheat crop of Wisconsin, for the year 1857, will amount to eighteen millions of bushels—being an increase of six millions over 1856.

The Rev. C. S. Stewart, who lately visited Louis Napoleon, gives a glowing description of his visit in the New York Observer.

The increase of the Free Public Library of Boston, during the past year has exceeded the assumed average of 6000 volumes.

The population of Canada is now computed at 2,571,432. Upper Canada exceeds Lower in populousness by 130,000.

The Trenton banks have agreed to loan that city $6000 on the credit of the city, to be applied to the relief of the poor.

There is no religious sect in which woman is more honored and earnestly cherished than by the "Friends."

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Posey, Mr. John W. Sims to Miss Mary Dunn.

By Rev. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Theodore Wheeler to Miss Margaretta L. Miller, of Dedham.

By Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Daniel F. Long to Miss Louise C. Felton.

By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Walter J. Wheeler to Miss Carrie W. Pattee.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. John A. Bartlett to Miss Mary E. Fuller.

By Rev. Mr. Healy, Mr. Arthur Neale to Miss Annie M. Leake.

By Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. S. Henry Morse to Miss Leonice M. Sampson.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Judkins, Mr. Uriah E. Harding to Miss Abbie A. Osborn.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Joshua E. Langley to Miss Josephine Reynolds.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. David F. Horton to Miss Lydia M. Evans.

At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Daniel C. Murray to Miss Ann L. Welch.

At West Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Locke, John H. Thorndike, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Delia D. White.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. William H. Varney to Miss Annie M Kent.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. George Merritt to Miss Eliza A. Clayton.

At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Ide, Mr. George Harrington to Miss Mary Soviah Hastings.

At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. David Kimball, of Saxton's River, Vt., to Miss Annie E., daughter of Nathan Mason, Esq., of Worthington, Ohio.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Margaret Ruth Cunningham, 69; Mr. Joseph B. Whitman, 36; Mr. A. H. Belcher, 29; Mrs. Ellen Matilda Parks, Miss Elizabeth M. Adams, 69; Mr. Noah Ridlon, 62; Mrs. Eliza B. Watson, 38; Mrs. Jane M. Addicott, 22; Mr. George W. Otis, 82; Capt. Sheffel Read, 52; Mr. Edwin Johns, printer, 21; Mr. William Cooper Parke, 75; Mrs. Elvira N. Bird, 30; Mr. Thomas Wilson, 26; Mrs. Gertrude M. Heightman, 27; Miss Carrie F. Kittredge, 23.

At Charlestown, Mr. Joseph W. Clark, 78; Mrs. Hadassah Allen, 68; Widow Sarah Webb, 88.

At Dorchester, Joseph Howe, Esq., 69; Mr. Alfred Tileston, 44.

At Cambridge, George Coolidge, Esq., 67; Mr. Ebenezer Parker, 80.

At Somerville, Mrs. A. B. Putnam, of Andover, 67

At Jamaica Plain, Mr. Charles Davis, 65.

At Brighton, Mrs. Sarah P. Brown, 21.

At West Newton, Widow Fanny Lovell, 72.

At Hingham, Mr. Hiram Whiton, 35.

At Canton, Miss Martha Clark, 24.

At Salem, Nathaniel Frothingham, Esq., 87; Mrs. Deborah Bubier, 85; Mr. Thomas Prince, 73.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary Kettell, 90.

At Newbury, Widow Mary Thomas, 80.

At Lowell, Widow Eliza Beal, 80; Mr. F. Frank Merriam, 37.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevens, 81; Mr. William Aylward, 29.

At Grafton, Royal Keith, Esq., 89.

At Westminster, Widow Elizabeth Whitney, 92.

At Fairhaven, Mrs. Susannah Taber, 94.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PAST.

BY MARSH P. BEACH.

Bright years agone! ah, now methinks I see
  In memory's mirror each happy day,
When in the dream of youth there came to me
  A vision that has never passed away,
Though they have told me that fair one is dead,
That summer's roses bloom above her head.

I yet can hear the music of a tone
  Soft as the water's fall as it comes to me,
And feel, as silently I sit alone,
  A touch upon my brow, and see
A shadowy form pass silent on,
I raise my hand to touch, but all is gone.

'Twas but the lone sigh of the evening breeze
  That softened to the tones of her I love,
And zephyrs from the fair and budding trees
  Had kissed my brow as angels from above;
Yet fancy pictures to the tear-dimmed eye
My heart's first love in years gone by.

They tell me that the tresses on her brow
  Are now unmoved from off that marble throne
Where reason dwelt, and where the vow
  Of constancy was pressed by me alone:
And yet I hear and see as then in yore
  The voice and form they say will come no more.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DUPLICATE ASSIGNATION.

A NAVAL STRATAGEM.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"GRIEF," says Sterne, "naturally seeks a horizontal position;" an assertion which I consider eminently correct. Who has not experienced an uncontrollable desire to slat himself down at full length upon the first convenient object for so doing, and enjoying his misery comfortably, when suddenly rendered perfectly wretched? If any of my readers experience a contrary sensation upon such occasions, I can only say that they differ from Sterne, from—myself, and also from Bob Winter, second lieutenant of H. B. M. sloop-of-war Ridiculous, lying at Malta.

That gallant young officer, fully convinced that he was the most miserable dog in the universe, or even in the British naval service, burst suddenly into the stateroom of his friend, the purser, Jack Smith, and pitching himself on to the cover of a big sea chest, began slapping his forehead and grunting most dismally.

"What's come to you, lad?" inquired Jack, not a little surprised at the violence of his friend's emotion. "Were you tight last night, that you're punching your skillet in that sort of style, or has the divine Fannie jilted ye?"

"She's done more than that, and worse," groaned Bob, digging his two claws into the corresponding sides of his wig, and giving a jerk.

"Worse!" echoed Jack. "Why, I thought that being presented with the mitten was of all evils the one you most dreaded. What can be worse to a fellow in your condition?"

"She has acknowledged that my own unconquerable and undying love is reciprocated; she has presented me with her dear little miniature, and has appointed a meeting with me this very evening. Had she jilted me I could perhaps have borne it better; but this—boo, hoo, hoo!"

"Horrible," ejaculated Jack, with uplifted hands, and an expression of comical bewilderment. "I don't wonder you spread yourself out on my chest, and flounce and snort as though you had the heaves; here's the prettiest girl, and best catch in all Malta, has told you she loves ye, has given you her picture, appointed a meeting, and I don't know what besides. Frightful state of affairs, certainly. I wonder you don't take your sharpest razor and shoot yourself; I would."

"I had looked for sympathy from you, Jack, rather than ridicule," said Bob, reproachfully.

"Sympathy, my boy, you shall have any quantity of it, such as it is. But I don't understand your case exactly; give us the items."

"You know," said Bob, hoisting himself up on end, "all about my first acquaintance and subsequent intimacy with the daughter of Admiral Seymour—"

"Fool if I didn't," interrupted Jack. "You've talked of nothing else this three months."

"And what possible chance of winning have I, a poor sub lieutenant, against such rivals as Sir Hugh Delmar, and our own purse-proud and supercilious captain?"

"Nary chance," returned Jack, sententiously.

"Much as I adored Fannie, I never should have dared even to dream of success, had not her own manner toward me convinced me that my attentions were not altogether disagreeable to her; and even then nothing but utter desperation could have brought me to face our grim admiral with a request for his daughter's hand."

"I believe you, boy," said Jack, with great emphasis, and a meaning shake of the head.

"But I did do so," continued Bob, "I was desperate; our sudden orders to sail rendered me reckless of consequences, and I went to him."

"Well," said Jack, with much interest, "what did the old rip have to say?"

"He let me stutter out my speech in silence, and then in his most overwhelming manner—you know what he is when he comes the terrific—he gazed at me a moment from head to foot, and coldly told me to come for my answer at eight o'clock this evening. The delay in giving an answer to my request might lead me to hope; but the contemptuous look he gave me was not to be mistaken. I left the room with my heart in my boots, and at the hall door met Fannie, who had been listening. The dear child ran to me with tears in her eyes: 'Dear Bob,' she said, putting both her hands in mine, 'O, I am so unhappy—you are going away, and do you know, Sir Hugh and Captain Douglas have both been to father this morning on—on the same errand? But I hate them both, and I never will speak to either of them again as long as I live,' she added hurriedly, as I involuntarily started at the unwelcome intelligence. As she was about to proceed, the door of the admiral's room opened, when thrusting her miniature into my hands, she darted out of sight in one direction, and I in another, just in time to escape observation. A thousand times more miserable now that I knew she loved me, than if I had remained in doubt, I wandered dejectedly about the streets, scarcely knowing or caring where I went, until I reached the mole, where a servant gave me this note—read it."

Jack took the note, which was written in that charmingly irregular style peculiar to very pretty school girls—the very same sort of writing, in fact, that has a thousand times caused the author's heart to bounce within him as he eagerly opened weak little semi-daily notes that used to be addressed to him in the days when he went gipsying, a long time ago. Jack took the note, I say, and read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Do not go to my father this evening: he has appointed the same hour to give the other gentlemen their answer, and wishes to humiliate you by a refusal and reproof for your 'presumption'—as he calls it—before them. I have had a long talk with papa; he tried to get me to say yes to something; but I never, *never* will. I have ever so much I want to say to you, but it would take a hundred years to write it all. Do you know, the lock on the little gate at the back of the garden is broken, and you can't think how timid it makes me, for there is nothing to prevent any one coming in, and I usually walk there evenings, between eight and nine.

"Affectionately, FANNIE."

"A very nice little note, and a model of composition," said Jack, looking over the paper again. "It's not addressed to any one, however. By the way, if you hadn't seen Fannie this morning, and if either one of your rivals was your equal in life, there might be some doubt whether it was delivered to the right person."

"Perhaps so," returned Bob, with indifference; "but what of that?"

"A good deal of that, my darling blockhead," exclaimed Jack, with animation; "it's given me an idea, and that's more than you've had since you tumbled into love. What if we prevent these two gentlemen going to the admiral's at all to-night, eh?"

"Impossible!"

"Not a bit impossible, and what's more, we'll do it, for all's fair in love and war. Now I think I understand this case exactly. Sir Hugh, Captain Douglas and yourself were all in the same way about the charming Fannie; but might have waited nobody knows how long before making a declaration, had not the sailing orders, which are to put you all afloat to-morrow morning, brought you all three up to the scratch together. Our high and mighty admiral having received the proposals, appoints eight P.M. for awarding the contract to the best bidder, and as his appointment is equivalent to a command to all in the squadron, he will take it as a personal insult if either of you fail to appear. Very well, our play is to have you promptly on the ground, while we keep the others away, and as I said before, we'll do it."

"But how?" asked Bob, delighted at the idea, but with grave doubts as to the possibility of its being carried out; "nothing earthly can prevent their being present."

"Never mind how it's to be done, so long as it is done," returned Jack, confidently. "If you don't get a favorable answer yourself, at all events it will put their noses out of joint. And as your respected father-in-law, that is to be, is a choleric old humbug, who knows but out of spite to the others, he may do the handsome by you? Now all you've got to do is to ask no questions, but leave everything to me, and do exactly as I bid you."

"But how—"

"Not a word," said Jack, authoritatively. "Sit right down and go to work upon a note to Fannie; tell her that you shall keep your appointment with her father, but that the other gentlemen will not. Particularly enforce upon her the necessity of keeping as clear of the garden as though it were full of lions. Be particular about this last, and you may add as much other blarney as you think proper. Now go to your own stateroom, and go at it, while I take care of your rivals."

Inspirited by the confident tone of his friend, Bob, as directed, went to his stateroom and went at it. Whereupon, Jack forthwith seated himself at his desk, placed Fannie's note before him, took his pen, and also went at it. And there we will leave them.

The church clocks—if there are any church clocks in Malta, which I have almost forgotten, never having been there—were just upon the point of striking eight, when the little gate at the back of the garden belonging to Admiral Seymour's house was cautiously opened, giving entrance to a gentleman in the undress uniform of the British navy. Closing the gate behind him, he advanced toward a clump of orange trees near the centre of the garden.

"This must be the spot my adorable Fannie mentioned in her note," he muttered to himself, looking about him. "However, as the moon gives plenty of light, I may as well read it over again, so as to be sure." And drawing a dainty little note from his pocket, he read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, when I inform you that I have had a long conversation with papa upon the subject of your call this morning, and he has forbidden my seeing you again. I *must* see you *once* more before you go so far away. The little gate at the back of the garden will be unlocked this evening. May I look for you between eight and nine under the orange tree in the middle of the garden? Should any person unfortunately happen to be in the garden, I will wait until they are gone."

"Dear little creature," he said, to himself, as he pocketed the note. "I had no idea she had taken such a decided fancy to me; though I am sure I don't see how she could very well help it. The fact is, I am the deuce among the ladies, and always was. I wish she would come: it must be nearly quarter past eight. I'll go a little way toward the house, perhaps I have not hit upon the right spot."

As the expectant lover penetrated farther into the shrubbery, the little gate again opened, and another gentleman, in another undress naval uniform, came hastily along the path and paused beneath the orange trees.

"This must be the place undoubtedly," he said, holding his watch up to the moonlight and watching the time. "Twenty minutes past eight, I declare! But my charming Fannie said she would wait in case we were interrupted, and as the time appointed was between eight and nine, she can hardly have got tired of waiting for my coming. Gad, I'm a lucky dog to have such a girl as Fannie make an appointment for me after having been forbidden by her father to see me; but she couldn't resist me, poor thing, none of them can. Hark, there's some one coming—it must be she." And advancing from under the shade of the trees, he ran plump into the arms of gentleman number one, who was returning from his survey of the house.

"Eh, hullo—Captain Douglas!" he exclaimed, in mingled astonishment and vexation, as he recognized the unexpected and unwelcome apparition. "Confounded bore," he added, to himself, "I must get rid of him at once."

"Sir Hugh Delmar!" ejaculated the captain, in the same tone. "Deucedly mal appropos. I must clear the fellow out directly."

"Beautiful evening, captain," said Sir Hugh, with an effort to appear careless and unconcerned.

"Delightful," returned the captain. "Were you going—ah—that is, were you going—"

"No!"

"Ah, I wish you good evening, Sir Hugh."

"Good night, captain."

And both gentlemen lifted their caps and bowed very politely, as though each expected the other to move off; but neither stirred a toe. A moment of awkward silence followed, which the captain broke by putting his question in another form:

"Did I understand you to say, Sir Hugh, that you were *not* going—ah—"

"No."

"O!"

Another fidgety interval ensued, during which each gentleman pulled out his watch and glanced uneasily at it. At length the captain, frightened at the lateness of the hour, resolved to terminate the interview at all risks.

"Do you propose to remain where you are for any length of time, Sir Hugh?" he asked abruptly.

"Such is my intention at present, sir," returned the baronet, coldly.

"In that case," said the captain, in a confidential tone, "I have to ask a most especial favor of you."

"I'll grant you anything if you'll come to me in the morning," replied the baronet, impatiently. "Now go."

"Go?" echoed the captain. "Why that is precisely the favor I was about to ask you to do me, and I think you will comply with my request when I tell you that I have an appointment with a lady who is doubtless only waiting for your departure to meet me."

"What, here?" asked the baronet, surprised.

"Exactly—under these orange trees."

"At this hour?"

"Between eight and nine, and it is now nearly nine. You must see the propriety of going at once."

"Captain Douglas," said the baronet, sharply, at the same time drawing a letter from his pocket, "it is I who have an appointment with a lady in this garden, under these orange trees at this very hour. How you became acquainted with the contents of this note, I know not; but if it is your intention to insult me—"

"I insult you, Sir Hugh?" ejaculated the captain, taking a letter from his pocket, and handing it to the baronet. "You will perceive by this note that—"

"Hullo, how's this?" exclaimed Sir Hugh, glancing at the paper, and hastily comparing it with his own note. "Why, it's a duplicate!"

"Eh, what?" cried the captain, looking over his companion's shoulder. "By Jove, it's the same thing, word for word!"

"Captain Douglas," shouted the baronet, in a fury, "we've been duped!"

"Sir Hugh," vociferated the captain, "we've been imposed upon!"

"I'll to the admiral," said Sir Hugh, making rapid strides for the gate.

"At once," echoed the captain, hastily following him.

"And have an explanation," chorussed both gentlemen, slamming the gate behind them.

No sooner had the irritated mariners vanished from the scene, than a rustling in the shrubbery announced the presence of a third person, and a certain purser, known to fame as Jack Smith, came out into the moonlight.

"Ha, ha," he chuckled to himself, as he leisurely made his way out of the garden, "either my two friends are not very familiar with the divine Fanny's style of handwriting, or I am a special good counterfeiter."

As the before-mentioned church clocks were chiming the aforesaid hour of eight, Lieutenant Bob Winter, with a spick and span new uniform, and a heart going flipity-flop inside of it, presented himself before the admiral.

"Hum-m m," grunted that dignitary, looking at his watch, "you're punctual; that's one merit. Sit down."

Bob placed his hat-bottom on the floor and himself in a chair and looked at his boots; the admiral in grim silence paced up and down the floor, and Miss Fannie peeked patiently through the keyhole of a door leading to an adjoining room. Matters continued in this pleasant and sociable train for some time. No one spoke, and the only change in the performance was, that as the minutes wore away, the admiral's tramp across the floor became more and more rapid, and each time he consulted his watch, it was jerked from his pocket with more and more energy, until at length, when thirty minutes past eight had come and gone, he stopped suddenly, and facing our anxious lieutenant, ejaculated, in a most unmusical tone:

"This is most extraordinary conduct, young man—most extraordinary."

With a sinking heart, poor Bob prepared himself for a dressing down from the highest officer in the fleet.

"I repeat that this is most extraordinary conduct, sir," vociferated the admiral, furiously.

"I perfectly agree with you, sir; but I—"

"Nobody asked you to agree with me, sir," shouted the admiral, in a quarter-deck voice. "Wait till you know what you agree to. What do you think, sir, of the conduct of officers who, having an appointment with me—*me*, their admiral, at eight o'clock precisely, fail to keep that appointment, and compel me to wait their leisure?"

"Such conduct is, as you say, sir, most extraordinary," ventured Bob, timidly.

"It is outrageous!" said the admiral, resuming his tramp with increased rapidity.

"Unheard of!" suggested Bob.

"Subversive of all discipline in the service!" added the admiral.

"And disrespectful to yourself, sir."

"A rank insult to me, not only as an officer, but as a private gentleman," said the admiral, confronting Bob, "particularly when it is considered that they were to meet me to learn my decision in regard to the disposal of my daughter's hand. By Jove," he continued, wrathfully, "she shall marry somebody at once; the puppies shall not have it to say the old man was anxious to hook them, but they declined. No, no, I'd sooner give her even to you. By the way, as you've had the assurance to propose for her, what fortune have you to establish yourself as a family man?"

"Nothing but my pay," faltered Bob.

"A beggar; so I supposed," sneered the admiral. "Come, that's cheering, so far. Who was your father? Nobody, I suppose."

"My father, sir," returned Bob, proudly, "was a gallant major in her majesty's service, Major Robert Winter, of the 73rd."

"Eh, what?" ejaculated the admiral. "You don't mean to say you are the son of old Bob Winter, of Belfor, my old schoolfellow and friend? Poor old Bob," he continued, musingly, "he's passed beyond the river in the van of the squadron, while I follow hard in his wake, with my topsail full, and shall soon overtake him. Poor, dear old Bob; many's the frolic we've had together 'in boyhood's morning of our fourscore lifetime;' many a frolic, and some tears. 'Ask of the days that are gone.'" And the admiral recommenced his tramping up and down, with his poor, fierce old gray head bowed a little, and with a gentle expression upon his face. Presently he paused, and roused himself with an effort. "No, no," he muttered, "I can't do that. No, I can't give Fannie to a penniless sub; no, no, that wont do at all!"

A knock came at the door, and a footman announced Sir Hugh Delmar and Captain Douglas.

"Tell them," exclaimed the admiral, angrily, "that Admiral Seymour is engaged."

The servant bowed, vanished, and almost instantly returned with a statement to the effect that the gentlemen most earnestly desired an interview for the purpose of offering him an explanation.

"Tell them," roared the old sailor, regaining all his wrath in an instant, "tell them that no explanation is expected or required; that the admiral expects them to weigh anchor at sunrise."

Again the flunky vanished, and Bob, who was wholly ignorant of the means employed by his friend Jack Smith, the purser, to detain his rivals, "took heart again."

"Fannie!" shouted the admiral, thumping on the door, through the keyhole of which a certain little lady had been listening.

In obedience to the summons, a round, rosy, smooth little lady made her appearance with such remarkable promptitude that a man better versed than the admiral in the ways of the world—or woman, which is about the same thing—would have suspected her of being rather nearer than was altogether necessary, during the entire evening.

"Fannie," he said, confronting her, "this young fellow has asked me to let him marry you; are you willing to take your chance in life with a poor sailor without fortune, expectations, or talent either, I suspect?"

Fannie instantly replied by saying nothing whatever.

"Why don't you speak, girl? It's not for want of tongue you keep silent, I'll be bound; I get enough of it sometimes. Do you love him?"

At this somewhat pointed question, the young lady thought proper to blush, to drop her eyes, and to take hold of the corner of her apron with her right thumb and fore finger, and draw the bottom hem through the left thumb and finger, very slowly, until the opposite corner was reached, when the motion was reversed.

"I see how it is," growled the admiral, "it's too late for me to interfere. But you needn't think, youngster, I'm going to let my daughter marry a sub. No, sir; nothing less than a captain. So it will stand you in hand to get promoted just as fast as you possibly have a mind to."

It is not to be supposed, with such a powerful friend at court as the admiral, that Bob's name was omitted in the list of promotions. Indeed, so entirely satisfactory was his rise and progress to all concerned, that he shortly was possessed of sufficient influence to procure for his friend Jack Smith, the purser, a situation in the admiralty office, where, in consideration of his having nothing whatever to do, a paternal government provided him with a corpulent salary to prevent him from sinking under his arduous duties.

* * *

HINDOO PREJUDICES.

A little European child went, one forenoon, into his father's garden, just as the Hindoo gardener had finished cooking a large mess of *chaptes* (unfermented cakes) for himself and a party of friends. The child touched the end of a plank, on which the food was placed, with a stick he held in his hand; his doing this so highly offended the prejudices of the too scrupulous gardener, that he immediately threw the whole away as polluted, and with his friends fasted till evening. A Hindoo may be convicted of aggravated crime, still, on returning home, he is not excluded from the privileges of caste; but were the same man to take a glass of water from the hands of a Christian, he would be considered an outcast ever after. Even the administration of remedies to native Hindoos in dangerous sickness, is often difficult, when Europeans have to compound for them; some would prefer to take no medicine at all, rather than receive a remedy from the hands of an European.—*Ledyard.*

STORY OF A DOLPHIN.

There is in Africa a town called Hippo, near the sea coast; it stands upon a navigable lake, from whence a river runs into the main ocean, and ebbs and flows with the sea. Persons of all ages divert themselves here with fishing, sailing or swimming, especially boys whom love of play or idleness brings hither. The contest among them is who shall have the glory of swimming the farthest; and he who leaves the shore and his companions at the greatest distance gains the victory. It happened in one of these trials of skill, that a certain boy, more bold than the rest, launched out towards the opposite shore. He was met by a dolphin, who sometimes swam before him, and sometimes behind him, and then played around him, and at last took him upon his back, then set him down, and afterwards took him up again; and thus he carried the poor frightened boy out into the deepest part, then immediately he turned back again to the shore, and landed him among his companions. The fame of this remarkable event spread through the town, and crowds of people flocked round the boy to ask him questions, and hear him relate the story. The next day the shore was lined with multitudes of spectators, all attentively contemplating the ocean and the lake.

In the meanwhile the boys swam as usual, and among the rest the boy I am speaking of went into the lake, but with more caution than before. The dolphin again appeared, and came to the boy, who, together with his companions, swam away in the utmost precipitation. The dolphin, as it were, leaped and dived up and down, darting about in a thousand different convolutions. This he practised for several days together, till the people, accustomed from their infancy to the sea, began to be ashamed of their timidity. They ventured to advance nearer, playing with him, and calling him to them, while he, in return, suffered himself to be touched and stroked. Use rendered them more courageous; the boy, in particular swam by the side of him, and leaping upon his back, was carried about in that manner; thus they gradually became acquainted and delighted with each other. There seemed now, indeed, to be no fear on either side; the confidence of the one, and the tameness of the other, mutually increasing; the rest of the boys in the meanwhile surrounding and encouraging their companion.

It is very remarkable that this dolphin was followed by a second, which seemed only a spectator, and attendant on the other; for he did not at all submit to the same familiarities as the first, but only conducted him backwards and forwards, as the boys did their comrade. But what is rather surprising, this dolphin who thus played with the boys, and carried them upon his back, would come upon the shore, dry himself in the sand, and, as soon as he grew warm, roll back again into the sea. Octavius Avitus, deputy governor of the province, actuated by an absurd piece of superstition, poured some precious ointment over him as he lay on the shore, the novelty and smell of which made him retire into the ocean; and it was not until after several days that he was seen again, when he recovered his strength and continued his usual playful tricks. All the magistrates of the country round flocked hither to view the sight; the entertainment of these dignitaries upon their arrival, and during their stay, was an additional expense, which the slender finances of this little community could ill-afford, besides that the quiet and retirement of the place were utterly destroyed. It was therefore thought proper to remove the occasion of this concourse, to privately kill the poor dolphin.—*African Traveller.*

* * *

LAST MOMENTS OF THE DYING.

For centuries it was customary, both in England and on the continent, to jerk the pillow from under the head of dying persons, to hasten their departure. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die," remarked William Hunter. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought that dying had been more difficult," was the remark of Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Suarer the theologian. "Calmer and calmer," was the reply of the dying Schiller, when asked how he felt. "Happy!" said Sir James Mackintosh, under the same circumstances. "It is delightful!" answered an expiring Christian, whose heart faltered with every pulse, and whose every breath was a convulsion, to the inquiry, "Are you in pain?" There was a swell on the sea as Collingwood lay dying, and Captain Thomas expressed a fear that this disturbed the admiral. "No, Thomas," said he, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all who love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." Physical causes, perhaps, render dying a gentle falling asleep in some cases; but when the conscience is sprinkled with that blood which cleanseth from all sin, death may well be a season of indescribable peace. It is, however, the life, and not the death, that shows most unerringly a man's religious principles.—*The Leisure Hour.*

* * *

HONESTY.

A certain poor widow, one winter's day, had just consumed her little stock of wood, without knowing where she could obtain any more. She put her children to bed soon after, and sat shivering over a few dying embers, in full view of a large wood pile, belonging to her rich, hard-hearted neighbor. The thought darted into her mind, "Had I but one handful of that wood to keep me from freezing, how glad I should be; he has enough and never would miss it." After many struggles, she concluded to go, after her neighbor had gone to bed, and get one handful, that she might be able to get herself some breakfast. She went and picked up the wood, but the thought of stealing so overwhelmed her, forgetting where she was, she spoke aloud, "Have I come to this? Must I steal? O, I cannot. But if I don't I must freeze. But O, I can't steal." She threw down the wood and walked away. Again the horrors of winter drove her back, and again she picked up the wood, and again she threw it down, saying, "I can't steal, and if I perish, I will perish." She went home and went to bed. The rich man stood at his door and heard all the poor woman said, and it softened his heart. Early next morning he sent her eight loads of wood, ready cut, and other articles, telling her that she was welcome; adding, "You fairly drove an evil genius out of me last night."—*Olive Branch.*

* * *

ONE'S MOTHER.

Around the idea of one's mother, the mind clings with fond affections. It is the first thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when soft and capable of receiving most profound impression, and all the feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passion and our wilfulness may lead us from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Around that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection and even when grief at our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance and twines the image of our departed parent with garlands of graces and virtues, which we doubt not that she has possessed.—*Mother's Magazine.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ROCK RAYMOND.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[This is a noted ledge of rock some two hundred
from the Merrimack. It is in itself a great
It is an outcropping of gneiss from the midst
plain, being an immense mass of that stone
hundred feet in length, one hundred and fifty
and some seventy or eighty feet in height.
extends nearly in a north and south directi
gradually from the north, so as to be of easy
that direction, and ending in an abrupt pr
wards the south and southeast. This rock is
considerable distance up and down the vall
Merrimack, and from its top is a splendid vi
city of Manchester and its neighborhood. T
ledges on the eastern bank of the river equ
with Rock Raymond, but they are covered m
soil, while this, by some convulsion of natur
projecting its frowning battlements to the sk
ter's *History of Manchester, N. H.*]

Bared is his rocky breast,
  Hoary and gray.
Sunbeams at close of day
Stream from the golden west,
Long on his towering crest
  Linger and play:
Silently, silently,
  Die they away.

Winter winds round him roar,
  Summer winds wail.
Vainly the torrents rail,
  Hardly the ages score
High on the rock their tale:
  Faint are the signs they wore.
Wearily, wearily,
  Time makes assail.

Gaze on his giant side,
  Mark well his might.
Thus shall he stand in pride,
  Watching the centuries flight;
Yes—when the earth shall hide
  Millions now glad in light!
Steadfastly, steadfastly,
  Shall he abide.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PLUNKS

BY MARGARET VERNE.

MR. and Mrs. Peter Plunk, althoug
single unit according to the matrimonial
tic which counts two "one," were mor
dozen, if there is any science in domest
ences and divisions. Mr. and Mrs. Pet
never agreed about anything but dis
What suited Peter, was sure not to
Peter. If Peter was warm, Mrs. P
cold; if Mrs. Peter shivered, Mr. Peter
perspiration, at once. He couldn't eat
ding or mutton soup; they were *her*
dishes. She declared that the sight of c
enough to produce nausea; the consequ
catsup was an indispensible article of
him. Plunk always dressed in blac
lieved black; black hat, black pants, bl
black vest, black cravat, and black glo
a matter of course, Mrs. Plunk was p
white; white in the kitchen, white in the
room, white at church; white mornin
white dinner-dresses, and white evenin
Plunk was a member of one church, M
of another. Their children were equal
between them, four boys and four gi
boy-Plunks ate catsup, dressed in bl
went to church with their father; the gi
grew rosy on rice-pudding and mu
wore white frocks, and went to sleep u
same preaching that their mother did.
not imagine for an instant that even the
differences were allowed to go on harm
The maternal Plunk was always grumb
her sons; Plunk the father, forever b
the bringing-up of his daughters.

By the same rule, I suppose, that two
make one affirmative, Miss Angeline P
eldest daughter of this contradictor
proved very amiable. So amiable tha
aged to keep the right side of both of
pretending to each, that she was on t
side of the other. So amiable, that
father never saw her eat rice or mutton,
became old enough to control her ow
and her mother imagined that catsup
particular abomination, the fact was th
course of the year, she managed t
of a large quantity of both, unbeknow
one save herself and the cook. So
that both parents petted her, humored
quarrelled over her. So amiable that s
happened to dress as she pleased, atte
where she pleased, and do what she
generally.

At the time of which I write, she h
lovers; Phineas Jones, gray-headed a
merchant whom her father admired; Jot
a doctor, very tall and very sickly-looki
her mother adored; and Andrew W
young school-teacher, whom *she* love
whose existence the elder Plunks were

Mr Plunk determined that his daught
be Mrs. Phineas Jones; Mrs. Plunk
that her name should be Mrs. Jotham H
the young lady herself would laugh in
and declare with a toss of her head, t
couldn't be Angeline Willard, she wo
a Plunk to the end of her days.

"There is a great deal in being wel
life, child," Mr. Plunk would say, w
chanced to obtain a moment's sp
Angeline. "Professional men have
do that they seldom take proper car
wives and children. Mr. Holt is a p
man, therefore you would be liable t
What if *I* had been a doctor, child?
mother might have been in her grave

"I presume so," Miss Angeline wo
with such a queer smile as always p
father.

"Do promise me, then, that you
marry Mr. Holt, and I shall be happy

"Well, then, since *you* do not desire
will *not* marry Mr. Holt. But please
mama that I said so."

"Angeline, my love," Mrs. Pl
begin, every opportunity that occur
Holt is such a sweet man, and Mr. J
an odious creature, that I don't see h
hesitate for a moment between the
then professional men are thought so
highly of than any other class in so
nothing of always having a doctor

STORY OF A DOLPHIN.

in Africa a town called Hippo, near
ast; it stands upon a navigable lake,
ce a river runs into the main ocean,
nd flows with the sea. Persons of all
themselves here with fishing, sailing
ng, especially boys whom love of play
s brings hither. The contest among
no shall have the glory of swimming
st; and he who leaves the shore and
ions at the greatest distance gains the
It happened in one of these trials of
a certain boy, more bold than the rest,
out towards the opposite shore. He
y a dolphin, who sometimes swam be-
and sometimes behind him, and then
ound him, and at last took him upon
hen set him down, and afterwards took
gain; and thus he carried the poor
boy out into the deepest part, then
ly he turned back again to the shore,
d him among his companions. The
is remarkable event spread through the
crowds of people flocked round the
him questions, and hear him relate
The next day the shore was lined
itudes of spectators, all attentively
ting the ocean and the lake.
eanwhile the boys swam as usual, and
rest the boy I am speaking of went
ke, but with more caution than before.
hin again appeared, and came to the
together with his companions, swam
e utmost precipitation. The dolphin,
leaped and dived up and down, dart-
in a thousand different convolutions.
actised for several days together, till
, accustomed from their infancy to the
a to be ashamed of their timidity.
ured to advance nearer, playing with
calling him to them, while he, in re-
ered himself to be touched and stroked.
red them more courageous; the boy,
ar swam by the side of him, and leap-
his back, was carried about in that
hus they gradually became acquainted
nted with each other. There seemed
d, to be no fear on either side; the
of the one, and the tameness of the
tually increasing; the rest of the boys
nwhile surrounding and encouraging
panion.
y remarkable that this dolphin was
y a second, which seemed only a spec-
attendant on the other; for he did not
mit to the same familiarities as the
only conducted him backwards and
, as the boys did their comrade. But
her surprising, this dolphin who thus
h the boys, and carried them upon his
ld come upon the shore, dry himself
l, and, as soon as he grew warm, roll
n into the sea. Octavius Avitus,
ernor of the province, actuated by an
ce of superstition, poured some pre-
ment over him as he lay on the shore,
y and smell of which made him retire
ean; and it was not until after several
he was seen again, when he recovered
th and continued his usual playful
ll the magistrates of the country round
her to view the sight; the entertain-
ese dignitaries upon their arrival, and
ir stay, was an additional expense,
slender finances of this little commu-
ill-afford, besides that the quiet and
of the place were utterly destroyed.
erefore thought proper to remove the
f this concourse, to privately kill the
hin.—*African Traveller.*

MOMENTS OF THE DYING.

turies it was customary, both in Eng-
on the continent, to jerk the pillow from
head of dying persons, to hasten their
"If I had strength enough to hold a
ld write how easy and delightful it is
marked William Hunter. "If this be
id Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest
inable." "I thought that dying had
difficult," was the remark of Louis
I did not suppose it was so sweet to
Suarer the theologian. "Calmer and
as the reply of the dying Schiller,
d how he felt. "Happy!" said Sir
ckintosh, under the same circumstances.
ghtful!" answered an expiring Chris-
heart faltered with every pulse, and
y breath was a convulsion, to the
Are you in pain?" There was a swell
as Collingwood lay dying, and Cap-
as expressed a fear that this disturbed
. "No, Thomas," said he, "I am
ate in which nothing in this world can
more. I am dying, and I am sure it
onsolatory to you and all who love me
comfortably I am coming to my end."
auses, perhaps, render dying a gentle
ep in some cases; but when the con-
prinkled with that blood which cleans-
all sin, death may well be a season of
ble peace. It is, however, the life, and
th, that shows most unerringly a man's
rinciples.—*The Leisure Hour.*

HONESTY.

n poor widow, one winter's day, had
ued her little stock of wood, without
here she could obtain any more. She
ildren to bed soon after, and sat shiv-
a few dying embers, in full view of a
d pile, belonging to her rich, hard-
ghbor. The thought darted into her
ad I but one handful of that wood to
rom freezing, how glad I should be;
ough and never would miss it." After
ggles, she concluded to go, after her
ad gone to bed, and get one handful,
ght be able to get herself some break-
went and picked up the wood, but the
stealing so overwhelmed her, forget-
she was, she spoke aloud, "Have I
this? Must I steal? O, I cannot.
don't I must freeze. But O, I can't
he threw down the wood and walked
ain the horrors of winter drove her
again she picked up the wood, and
threw it down, saying, "I can't steal,
erish, I will perish." She went home
to bed. The rich man stood at his
eard all the poor woman said, and it
s heart. Early next morning he sent
oads of wood, ready cut, and other
lling her that she was welcome; ad-
u fairly drove an evil genius out of me
—*Olive Branch.*

ONE'S MOTHER.

the idea of one's mother, the mind
fond affections. It is the first thought
on our infant hearts, when soft and
receiving most profound impression,
feelings are more or less light in com-
Our passion and our wilfulness may
n the object of our filial love; we
e wild, headstrong, and angry at her
r opposition; but when death has
monitory voice, and nothing but calm
mains to recapitulate her good deeds,
e a flower beaten to the ground by a
raises up her head and smiles amidst
Around that idea, as we have said,
lings with fond affection and even
at our loss forces memory to be si-
takes the place of remembrance and
image of our departed parent with
graces and virtues, which we doubt
has possessed.—*Mother's Magazine.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ROCK RAYMOND.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[This is a noted ledge of rock some two hundred rods west from the Merrimack. It is in itself a great curiosity. It is an outcropping of gneiss from the midst of a sandy plain, being an immense mass of that stone some three hundred feet in length, one hundred and fifty in width, and some seventy or eighty feet in height. The ledge extends nearly in a north and south direction, rising gradually from the north, so as to be of easy ascent in that direction, and ending in an abrupt precipice towards the south and southeast. This rock is seen at a considerable distance up and down the valley of the Merrimack, and from its top is a splendid view of the city of Manchester and its neighborhood. There are ledges on the eastern bank of the river equally high with Rock Raymond, but they are covered mostly with soil, while this, by some convulsion of nature, is left, projecting its frowning battlements to the skies.—*Potter's History of Manchester, N. H.*]

Bared is his rocky breast,
  Hoary and gray.
Sunbeams at close of day
Stream from the golden west,
Long on his towering crest
  Linger and play:
Silently, silently,
  Die they away.

Winter winds round him roar,
  Summer winds wail.
Vainly the torrents rail,
  Hardly the ages score
High on the rock their tale:
  Faint are the signs they wore.
Wearily, wearily,
  Time makes assail.

Gaze on his giant side,
  Mark well his might.
Thus shall he stand in pride,
  Watching the centuries flight;
Yes—when the earth shall hide
  Millions now glad in light!
Steadfastly, steadfastly,
  Shall he abide.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PLUNKS.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

MR. and Mrs. Peter Plunk, although only a single unit according to the matrimonial arithmetic which counts two "one," were more than a dozen, if there is any science in domestic differences and divisions. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Plunk never agreed about anything but disagreeing. What suited Peter, was sure not to suit Mrs. Peter. If Peter was warm, Mrs. Peter was cold; if Mrs. Peter shivered, Mr. Peter was in a perspiration, at once. He couldn't eat rice pudding or mutton soup; they were *her* favorite dishes. She declared that the sight of catsup was enough to produce nausea; the consequence was, catsup was an indispensible article of diet to him. Plunk always dressed in black—unrelieved black; black hat, black pants, black coat, black vest, black cravat, and black gloves. As a matter of course, Mrs. Plunk was partial to white; white in the kitchen, white in the drawing-room, white at church; white morning-dresses white dinner-dresses, and white evening-dresses. Plunk was a member of one church, Mrs. Plunk of another. Their children were equally divided between them, four boys and four girls. The boy-Plunks ate catsup, dressed in black, and went to church with their father; the girl-Plunks grew rosy on rice-pudding and mutton soup, wore white frocks, and went to sleep under the same preaching that their mother did. But do not imagine for an instant that even these family differences were allowed to go on harmoniously. The maternal Plunk was always grumbling about her sons; Plunk the father, forever bemoaning the bringing-up of his daughters.

By the same rule, I suppose, that two negatives make one affirmative, Miss Angeline Plunk, the eldest daughter of this contradictory couple, proved very amiable. So amiable that she managed to keep the right side of both of them, by pretending to each, that she was on the wrong side of the other. So amiable, that while her father never saw her eat rice or mutton, after she became old enough to control her own actions, and her mother imagined that catsup was her particular abomination, the fact was that in the course of the year, she managed to dispose of a large quantity of both, unbeknown to any one save herself and the cook. So amiable that both parents petted her, humored her, and quarrelled over her. So amiable that she always happened to dress as she pleased, attend church where she pleased, and do what she pleased generally.

At the time of which I write, she had three lovers; Phineas Jones, gray-headed and rich, a merchant whom her father admired; Jotham Holt, a doctor, very tall and very sickly-looking, whom her mother adored; and Andrew Willard, a young school-teacher, whom *she* loved, but of whose existence the elder Plunks were ignorant.

Mr Plunk determined that his daughter should be Mrs. Phineas Jones; Mrs. Plunk resolved that her name should be Mrs. Jotham Holt, while the young lady herself would laugh in her sleeve, and declare with a toss of her head, that if she couldn't be Angeline Willard, she would remain a Plunk to the end of her days.

"There is a great deal in being well settled in life, child," Mr. Plunk would say, whenever he chanced to obtain a moment's speech with Angeline. "Professional men have so much to do that they seldom take proper care of their wives and children. Mr. Holt is a professional man, therefore you would be liable to neglect. What if *I* had been a doctor, child? Your poor mother might have been in her grave now."

"I presume so," Miss Angeline would answer, with such a queer smile as always puzzled her father.

"Do promise me, then, that you will not marry Mr. Holt, and I shall be happy."

"Well, then, since *you* do not desire it, papa, I will *not* marry Mr. Holt. But please don't tell mama that I said so."

"Angeline, my love," Mrs. Plunk would begin, every opportunity that occurred, "Mr. Holt is such a sweet man, and Mr. Jones such an odious creature, that I don't see how you can hesitate for a moment between the two. And then professional men are thought so much more highly of than any other class in society, to say nothing of always having a doctor handy when you are sick. O, Angeline, do tell me that you will not marry that horrible gray-headed old Jones."

And Angeline would answer with her sweetest smile, "Well, then, mama, since *you* do not desire it, I will *not* marry Mr. Jones. Only please don't tell papa that I said so."

"I know that Mr. Holt and Mr. Jones are both men of more influence than myself, dearest;" this was Andrew Willard's plea, at his stolen meetings with Angeline, "but as true as life, I believe I can make you happier than both of them put together. So do tell me again that you will not let your parents prevail on you to marry either of them. I am never certain enough on that point."

Sometimes Angeline would appear to be undecided, or cold, or indifferent, just to tease him, and he would go almost distracted, and look so despairing and reproachful and suicidal, that she would blush, smile, and then give her familiar answer:

"Well, then, dear Andrew, since you wish me to say it, I will *not* marry either of them; only don't tell of it, so that it will get to papa's or mama's ears that I said so."

Things went on in this way for a long time, Mr. Plunk encouraging Jones, Mrs. Plunk encouraging Holt, and Miss Plunk encouraging Willard. At last, all these gentlemen seemed to take a decisive step towards the accomplishment of their purposes, and the disposal of Angeline. Mr. Jones spoke to Mr. Plunk about his daughter, and was informed confidentially, that she favored his suit, but did not wish to have it known, through fear of wounding her mother's feelings, which were all enlisted in the cause of Mr. Holt. That therefore it would be best not to make any open declaration, and that he (Plunk) would see that matters progressed quietly and without interruption or unpleasantness.

Mr. Holt had a long, private conversation with Mrs. Plunk, and was assured to his joy, and not a trifle to his surprise, that Angeline's heart was and long had been his entirely and devotedly; that she was afraid to manifest her real feelings before her father, who was always stern with the poor child, and seemed bent on breaking her heart by compelling her to marry that old dotard of a Jones; but that if Mr. Holt would trust things to her management, and restrain his impatience a little longer, Angeline should be his.

Mr. Willard looked distracted and suicidal oftener than ever, and commenced throwing out hints about a secret marriage. Well, it so happened that a famous State Fair was about to be held near the residence of the Plunks. Great red and yellow placards were posted up at the street corner, announcing the stupendous fact, and the village newspaper was filled to overflowing with the wonderful theme.

"Then will be my time," quoth Mr. Plunk to himself. "Mrs. Plunk will be busy entertaining company, and gadding to see the sights; she wont think of troubling herself about me or my business. I can send the coachman with the carriage to B—— Street, the nearest one there is; Mr. Jones may meet it there; I will walk out with Angeline, inform her on the way of the happiness I have planned for her, put her in the carriage, drive to the minister's, hear the ceremony, come back, and the thing will be settled, without noise and without resistance. Angeline will have a rich husband, I shall have my way, and," here Mr. Plunk rolled his eyes with a glance of intense satisfaction, "*Mrs. Plunk can't help herself!*"

"Did ever anything happen so opportunely?" whispered Mrs. Plunk, to Mr. Holt, the day before the fair. "Of course in such a case as this, where a daughter's life long happiness is at stake, a mother should not scruple to use a little stratagem. As much as I shall miss Angeline, the light of the household, I can but see that it will be for her best good to marry the noble and disinterested man on whom she has already bestowed her young affections. I have said that I will manage the affair, and so I will. Mr Plunk is very set in his way, and I sometimes think it would be a great deal better for me if I was. But when he finds anything is done with, he never makes a fuss about it, though it is ever so hard a pill to swallow. So if you and Angeline were once married, he would be as still as a mouse, and forget in a week that you wasn't the man of his own choice. Now I've got a nice plan in my head. I'll send the coachman to the corner of B—— Street to-morrow night, with our carriage. You can be on hand, and I will see that Angeline is present. Mr. Plunk will be too full of the fair to think of anything else, and —and—you understand, Mr. Holt. One bold stroke and you are a married man. Then let Mr. Plunk rave if he wishes to."

"I don't know why I shouldn't be frank with you, dear Andrew," Angeline said to her lover, that same evening, as she stole out secretly to meet him. "I suppose, if you love me as well as you say you do, I ought not to mind telling you, for I'm bound I wont marry Mr. Jones or Mr. Holt. Without doubt papa and mama will be on the fair grounds to-morrow evening. There will be so much excitement that nobody will notice us, and we shall never have such another chance to—to—"

Angeline stammered, blushed, and stopped abruptly.

"To what, dear?" inquired Andrew, eagerly.

"To—O, dear, it don't seem exactly proper for me to propose such a thing. Why don't you guess?"

"I can't, love," replied Andrew, with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"Well, then, if I must say it, to—to—get married! Of course I don't quite mean that I would run away with you, but if you should bring a carriage to the corner of B—— Street, after dark, and I should *happen* to be passing that way, why, I wouldn't mind getting in, you know, and going far enough to get my name changed. There! it's out!"

"Hurra for the spunk
Of Miss Angeline Plunk!"

shouted her lover, catching her in his arms and kissing her delightedly. "You're a brave girl!"

Ah, happy Plunks! Little did they dream what fate had in store for them!

The eventful evening came at last. Arrayed in the whitest of white muslins with roses in her hair, and a charming flush on her cheeks, Angeline entered the drawing room, half an hour previous to the time appointed for her to meet her lover's carriage at B——, Street. To her surprise and trepidation, she learned that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Plunk had the least intention of going to the fair grounds that evening.

"How appropriately she is dressed," soliloquized Mr. Plunk; "it couldn't have happened better, if she had known all about it; I wish Mrs. Plunk wasn't here, however."

"Ah! how near the dear child is to happiness," thought Mrs. Plunk. "One would imagine, from her appearance, that she had a presentiment of what is about to be. It is strange Mr. Plunk don't go out, though."

"I'm afraid they suspect me," said Angeline. "How closely they both watch my actions. My heart flutters terribly. O dear, what *shall* I do? How I do wish they hadn't taken it into their heads to stay at home this evening."

"Angeline," whispered her mother, just then, plucking her by the sleeve, "I would like to have you walk out with me a short distance."

"O, but, mama, my head aches severely. You must excuse me, to-night."

"Nonsense, child; it will do your head good, and I have a happy surprise for you," replied Mrs. Plunk. "Besides, it is but a trifling walk, only to B—— Street."

"B—— Street!" repeated Angeline to herself, starting nervously, and turning pale. "It is as I thought. I am suspected."

"Angeline!" called her father, at that juncture, "come here a moment."

Angeline obeyed, tremblingly.

"I am going out a little while this evening, and wish you to accompany me. We will take a carriage at B—— Street," he added, in a lower tone, evidently not intended for Mrs. Plunk's ears.

"B—— Street, again!" gasped Angeline, too agitated to answer. "What can they mean?"

"I would thank you not to keep Angeline all night, Mr. Plunk. She is going to walk with me;" said Mrs. Plunk, angrily, with a nervous glance at the clock.

"I think you are mistaken, madam. She is going out with me, this evening."

"How dare you contradict my wishes so, Mr. Plunk! You are the most unfeeling man I ever saw," screamed Mrs. Plunk, growing very red in the face. "I say she will go with *me!*"

"And I say she will go with *me*, Mrs. Plunk."

Mr. Plunk scowled at Mrs. Plunk. Mrs. Plunk looked as though she wanted to strangle him. Angeline left them staring vengeance at each other, and stole quietly out of the room.

For full fifteen minutes, Mr. Plunk's coachman had been waiting at B—— Street, with the carriage. Mr. Jones was the first on the ground, and to avoid the observation of passers-by, he got into the carriage and sat down. Mr. Holt was tardier, owing to a few minutes' difference in Mr. and Mrs. P's appointments. Just as he turned the corner of the street, a white figure, shawled and bonnetted, came fluttering through the darkness, and threw itself, panting and almost breathless, into his very arms.

"Sweetest, dearest, loveliest of creatures!" he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of delight; "this is very kind of you."

"Hasten. Do not stop for words. Let us fly—let us fly—we are suspected!" murmured the agitated voice of Angeline.

With the bound of a frightened hyena, he caught the trembling girl about the waist, and giving the coachman a rapid command, sprang with her into the carriage. The next moment they were rattling down the street at a remarkable rate of speed—Jones, Holt, and Angeline, each in a happy state of ignorance; Jones thinking Holt was Mr. Plunk, Angeline believing Mr. Holt was Mr. Willard, and Holt himself imagining himself alone with his charmer.

And now Angeline's right hand is caught and pressed in the slender fingers of the enraptured Holt. At the same moment Jones grasps her left hand, and gives it a tender squeeze. Angeline screams, and nestles closer to Holt, with the emphatic declaration that "somebody's got her." Holt attempts to quiet her by putting his arm about her waist, but encounters the arm of Jones, going on the same mission.

"Who are you?" he gasps, affrightedly, visions of incensed fathers in pursuit of vengeance rising before his mind's eye.

"Who are *you?*" growls Jones, gulping down his surprise and rage, in the same breath.

"They call me Jotham Holt," was the meek reply. "Pray don't be too hard on a poor fellow. I'd rather never be married, if I've got to die for't."

"And I, sir, am Phineas Jones, sir, and demand an explanation of this singular intrusion, sir," returned Jones, with a pugilistic motion of his fist that demolished one side of Angeline's lace bonnet, and left a black and blue spot on his rival's nose.

"According to an arrangement with this lady's mother," began Holt, deprecatingly, shrinking back in his seat.

"According to an arrangement with this lady's *father*, liar and villain!" interrupted Jones.

Angeline had been sitting, half stupified with fear and wonder, between the two; but at these words an inkling of the truth flashed across her mind, and she broke out into a laugh so loud, prolonged and musical, that it startled the angry rivals into a momentary silence.

"Perfidious creature!" screamed Jones, as she paused, out of breath with her merriment, "speak, and explain this mystery."

"Yes, perfidious creature," echoed Holt, bristling up, "speak, and explain this mystery."

"If you will order the carriage turned about, gentlemen, I will do my best to enlighten you, although I must confess that I am somewhat in the dark myself," was the reply.

"Allow me to ask you one question," she continued, after the coach had been headed once more towards B—— Street. "Did either of you expect to elope with me to-night?"

"I did," replied Jones.

"And I, too," whimpered Holt.

"At whose instigation?" inquired Angeline.

"Your father's," answered Jones.

"Your mother's," replied Holt.

Again the amused girl, forgetting her fright, her agitation, and everything else save the ludicrousness of her situation, laughed long and heartily; laughed till the tears stood in her eyes, and ran down her cheeks; laughed till her companions, angry as they were, and not knowing why they did it, yet unable to withstand the infection, joined her, and laughed till their sides ached.

The coach stopped at B—— Street, before Angeline found breath to commence her explanation. Another carriage stood in waiting at the corner, and back and forth beside it, casting every now and then, anxious, hurried glances up the street, Andrew Willard was pacing nervously.

At a little distance off, Mr. and Mrs. Plunk, evidently but just arrived at the scene of action, and not, as yet, having attracted the notice of Willard, stood eyeing each other with faces full of mingled wrath, wonder and defiance.

I wont tire you, reader, by attempting to rehearse the explanatory convulsion that followed the meeting of so many conflicting spirits. It took a long time to convince Mr. and Mrs. Plunk that they had both been up to the same unsuccessful game, to say nothing of their daughter; a long time to explain the matter satisfactorily to Jones and Holt; and a still longer time to drive away the shadow of perplexity and doubt from the forehead of the third lover.

But it was all settled at last; and the result of it was, that Jones and Holt, after shaking hands with more cordiality than could have been expected under the circumstances, went home in the carriage with the mutually defeated and chopfallen Mr. and Mrs. Plunk; while Angeline and her lover, unmolested, followed after them, laughing, as only they felt disposed to, at the failure of the triple elopement.

I suppose some story-tellers would stop here, and leave the rest to the imagination of the reader; but I shan't. I think no love-story is complete that winds up without a wedding; and so I will add, for my own gratification, if no one's else, that Angeline Plunk is now Angeline Plunk Willard. Aren't you glad?

A SENSIBLE SORT OF COURTSHIP.

A young Nicaraguan beauty would have many favored lovers; but after a time, bethinking her that it would be well to marry and settle, she would ask her father to give her a portion of land near to where he lived. When he has appointed what land she would have, she would call her lovers together, and tell them that she wished to marry, and to take one of them for a husband; that she did not possess a house; but that she desired that they should build her one on the land which her father had given her. The prudent damsel did not hesitate to enter into details as to the kind of house she wished to have built, and would add, if they loved her well, the house would be built by such a day, giving them a month or six weeks to complete it in. To one she would give the charge of furnishing the wood work; to another to find the canes which were to form the wall; to another, to provide the cordage; to another, to gather the straw for the roof; to another, to procure the dried fish to stock the house; to another, to get deer and pigs for her; to another, to collect maize.

The work was usually put in hand with the utmost promptitude, nor was the least thing dispensed with that she had asked for. The provisions and the furniture were put in, and the hearts of the over-worked competitors beat rapidly, as the fortunate or fatal moment arrived. A solemn feast was held in the new house. When supper was concluded, the damsel rose and made a short but gracious speech. She first thanked them all heartily for the labor they had undergone on her behalf. She then said that she wished it was in her power to make so many women that she could provide a wife for each of her suitors. In times past they had seen what a loving mistress she had been to each of them, and now she was going to be married, and to one alone—"and this is the one," she said, whereupon she took the chosen suitor by the hand, and retired from the apartment. Her choice having been declared, the disappointed suitors and their respective factions went away amicably.—*Utica Herald.*

LIFE IN THE DESERT.

We came upon large flocks of sheep and herds of small and well made kine, distinguished by a high, flexible hump on the neck. They were tended by young men, models for the painter of Scripture pastoral scenes, who wore a short cloth, fastened round the waist by a long, leather cord; a belt over the shoulder adorned with little plates of brass, to which were suspended the powder flask, and several small pouches. Thin, long, raven locks hung in curly plaits over their shoulders and neck, a few wore a dark cloth thrown over the head, and all had sandals. Their general complexion, the result of constant exposure to the sun, is a dark brown; their eyes are piercingly bright but not large. Their regular but rather angular features, their slim limbs, all formed for action, joined to their independent bearing, correspond with all that one has read or dreamed of the free sons of the desert. In addition to a small lance, having a stem about three feet long, which each carried in his hand, many bore a matchlock; and most of them had a silver-sheathed poniard stuck across the waist.—*The Holy Land.*

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NORTH CAROLINA WITNESSES.

It must be confessed they sometimes meet with rare specimens of human nature in some of the courts of North Carolina. Almost everybody remembers the celebrated "Cousin Sally Dillard" case—and here is one reported in the Ashville Spectator, not far behind it. The writer gives it under the head of legal proceedings.

Action for work and labor done in cutting a ditch on defendant's land. Plea: Payment and set off, in bacon and corn meal.

Plaintiff's son on the stand; recollects the ditching perfectly, but seems to forget all about the bacon.

"You say your daddy did all this ditching? do you know what he got in pay for it?" inquired Col. C., for defendant.

"He never got nothing, as ever I heard on, that's what he never got," answered the witness.

"Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from defendant, in pay for that ditching?"

"Never heard of his gettin' no corn or bacon."

"What did your daddy and his family live on last summer?"

"Vittles, mostly."

"What sort of victuals?"

"Well, meat and bread, and some whiskey."

"Where did he get the meat and bread?"

"Well, fust from one, and fust from the other."

"Didn't he get some of it from defendant?"

"He mought."

"I know he mought, but did he? that's the question."

"Well, he mought, but then again you know he moughtn't."

With considerable excitement and tones of thunder, "Answer the question, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy, or did he not, get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching?"

"Well now he mought; it didn't occur adzactly, you know—"

Here his honor interferes, and with a stern, judicial frown, addressed witness thus:

"Witness, you must answer the question, or the court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?"

"I reckon."

"Well, then, answer yes or no. Did or did not your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant at the time referred to?" inquired the court.

Witness now fully aroused and conscious of his danger: "Well, judge, I can't adzactly remember, you know, seein' as how it's all dun, bin gone and eat up; but," planting himself firmly as one determined to out with it, "to the best of my reckerleccshun, if my memory serves me right, he mought, and then again he moughtn't."

The plaintiff saved his bacon. Verdict accordingly.

Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Ready made Yeast.

Perhaps all our lady readers may not understand the best method of having good ready made yeast always at hand. We invariably have good bread made from yeast prepared as follows: put into three pints of water a handful of hops and nearly a quart of pared potatoes cut into small pieces. Boil for half an hour, and strain while scalding hot into sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. Stir it well, adding one table-spoonful of fresh yeast, and set into a warm place to rise. When light mix it stiff with Indian meal, roll out thin and cut into round or square pieces from two to two and a half inches in diameter. Dry these thoroughly and keep them in a bag in a dry place. They will remain good for months. Before using take one of these cakes for each medium-sized loaf, soak in warm water till soft, and add a teaspoonful of soda for three or four yeast cakes. Add this to the flour with warm water, and raise in the usual manner. Some put the light yeast without adding the Indian meal, into close jars or jugs, and use as needed. It will not keep many weeks by this method.

To wash China Crape Scarfs, etc.

If the fabric be good, these articles of dress can be washed as frequently as may be required, and no diminution of their beauty will be discoverable, even when the various shades of green have been employed among other colors in the patterns. In cleaning them make a strong lather of boiling water; suffer it to cool; when cold or nearly so, wash the scarf quickly and thoroughly, dip it immediately in cold hard water in which a little salt has been thrown (to preserve the colors), rinse, squeeze, and hang it out to dry in the open air; pin it at the extreme edge to the line, so that it may not in any part be folded together; the more rapidly it dries the clearer it will be.

Syrup D'Orgeat.

This elegant syrup is prepared as follows: take twenty ounces of sweet, and eight ounces of bitter almonds; nine pounds of white sugar; and four pints of water. Blanch the almonds, dry them well, and beat them with a portion of the sugar, and gradually add two thirds of the water: strain through linen, wash the almonds on the strainer with the rest of the water, and dissolve the sugar in the strained liquor by a gentle heat. Pour the syrup into an earthen vessel, remove the scum, and when nearly cold add two ounces of orange flower water.

Sweet Bags for Linen.

These may be composed of any mixtures of the following articles: flowers dried and pounded; powdered cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon; leaves—dried and pounded—of mint, balm, dragon-wort, southern-wood, ground-ivy, laurel, hyssop, sweet marjoram, origanum, rosemary; woods, such as cassia, juniper, rhodium, sandal-wood, and rose-wood; roots of angelica, zedoary, orris; all the fragrant balsams; ambergris, musk, and civet. These latter should be carefully used on linen.

Oyster Soup.

To one quart of oysters with their juice, put two quarts of cold water, half a pint of milk, and a heaping spoonful of salt; let them boil one minute; skim out the oysters and add half a tea-cup of crackers rolled fine, half a teacup of butter, and a little pepper; let it boil again; then pour over the oysters.

Silver Cake.

One pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of dried and sifted flour, six ounces of butter, mace and citron, the whites of fourteen eggs. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, add the whites, cut to a stiff froth, and then add the flour.

Ginger Cookies.

One cup of sugar, one of butter, one of molasses, one table-spoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and two teaspoonsful of saleratus dissolved in three table-spoonsful of hot water. Bake quickly.

Rye Drop Cakes.

One pint of milk, three eggs, one table-spoonful of sugar, and a little salt. Stir in rye flour to about the consistency of pancakes. Bake in buttered cups, or saucers, half an hour.

Honey Cake.

One cup of nice sugar, one cup of rich sour cream, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour. Flavor to the taste. Bake half an hour. To be eaten warm.

For sore Throats.

Make a poultice of wormwood, boiled in sweet milk, and apply it to the throat.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ORPHAN'S SIGH.

BY C. B. HANKINSON.

His tones flowed soft as a song-wave's tide
On a shore of golden sand;
As he raised his voice to heaven and sighed
For a home in the spirit-land.

'Twas the orphan's sigh, which, oft before,
Had crossed o'er his aching breast;
But now, he sighed for that far-off shore,
Where the orphan, too, finds rest.

Then his eye grew bright, and his brow shone fair;
On his cheek came a hallowed glow;
While loose flowed the curls of his sunny hair,
O'er his shoulders white as snow.

And a silvery cloud serenely bright,
Encircled his fair form round;
When he bade us adieu, and tuned his flight
To a golden trumpet's sound.

On either side of the angel boy
Was a white-winged cherub seen,
Whose faces shone with beams of joy
On the youth they held between.

And as he upward sped his way,
One glance perchance he cast
Upon the things of time and clay,
Then turned and onward passed.

No friends, behind, he left to mourn,
For all had gone before;
Long years he had wandered alone forlorn,
But he never shall wander more.

And never again shall the orphan's sigh
His tender heart overwhelm;
For, now he has reached his bright home on high,
Away in the starry realm.

A PICTURE.

Midsummer Morn her silvery gray
Rain veil uplifteth fold on fold;
And purple flusht and topt with gold,
The white clouds kindle and float away,

O'er violet shadowed hills that stand
In cloudy crowns and soft attire;
And, in a fragancy of fire,
Midsummer Morn floods all the land.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE CLOCK.

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to *work* though it *strikes*.

A Story of Court Life.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GASPARD DE LONGUEVILLE,

PRIME MINISTER OF ELEANOR OF AUSTRIA.

BY MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.

REARED in seclusion in the Low Countries, by her brother, Charles Quint, the lone young heart yearning to escape from solitude, Eleanor of Austria had been pledged in secret to the emperor's guest, Frederick II., brother to the elector palatinate. The prince fearing that not even the usages of hospitality might ensure his safety if detected in his clandestine correspondence, employed the less suspicious services of his equerry, Francis Gaspard, as intermediate assistant. The father of young Gaspard had been regiment drummer in the Prince Palatine's army—a man of the average ignorance of his grade, who being killed by a bomb explosion, left a wife and infant in penury, to look out for themselves as best they might. Luckily for the young widow, the infant prince, Frederick, was just then born, and she, through the strange purposes of an all-ruling Providence, obtained the place of nurse to the high-born infant; while as mysteriously, on the young head of the lowly Gaspard descended Heaven-bestowed, inspiring light of genius.

Being a very beautiful child, and growing up a boy of rare intelligence, the young Gaspard was in a manner adopted by the Prince Palatine, receiving many of the advantages bestowed on his foster-brother, Prince Frederick. These he turned to account, as the sequel will show.

In addition to his native talent, the little Francis had been from his earliest days of a thoughtful and speculative cast. By noting the very few relatives, of the ignorant and degraded class who occasionally made their way within the palace court to see his mother, and comparing the wretchedness of their lot with that of the highbred and lordly members of the Palatine household, he learned to know that, whether it was right or not, it was, and ever would be, that humanity would be divided into two classes—the lofty and the lowly. The portion of the one, his reason taught him, being toil, privation, humiliation and poverty; while to the other fell wealth, honor, and the gratification of every desire—and this not because of either merit or demerit of the widely separate classes. Sensitively awake to the knowledge that he belonged to the class whose heritage was privation, early death and disrespect, he determined to raise himself beyond the common herd's stagnation—and he did.

True, it had never been his to have a friend explain the aphorism that "knowledge is power;" but none the less did he feel its potent spell. Seeing through its medium neither moral nor political injustice in the state of things that taught the great important lesson, that it was impossible to rise in the world by ignorance and idleness, while the true open sesame to rank and power are intelligence and perseverance. Having arrived at this estimate—his mind capable of appreciating the enjoyments of the highborn and highbred—his whole thought became bent on achieving the means whereby to emerge from the degradation of the one position into the other. Gaspard was not, as we have shown, the cast and calibre to find a panacea in that negative sort of happiness derived from contentment with the lot to which he seemed born. His ardent mind stayed not in its onward career to listen to the fool's teaching, not to pine after the brilliant and the real that the gifted few had achieved, and that their posterity had set apart for themselves. Therefore did he set him with an all-engrossing enthusiasm to the acquirement, not only of useful knowledge, but all knightly accomplishments.

We have shown that he had so far progressed at the time our tale commences, as to be equerry to Prince Frederick. This post gave respectability, as well as the advantage of a personal knowledge of those who in station were immeasurably his superiors. This knowledge but whetted his desire for farther advancement, and the power which his influence over others would place within his grasp. The soaring of his aspirations, the daring-flight of his lofty aims, can be best understood when we show that while engaged by Prince Frederick to transfer billets and bouquets to the Princess Eleanor, whom he ever saw personally, since her responsive tokens were returned through the same intermediate channel, the young equerry dared to raise his eyes to the emperor's sister—not as his wife: that not even his wildest dream prompted; but he dared to think on the royal maiden as his mistress—to be used as a stepping stone to his ambitious views. Now most of our readers will agree that this same sister of Charles Quint must have seemed a somewhat lofty summit for the hopes and speculations of the lowly-born Gaspard.

"What is the matter, Francis?" asked his young sovereign, as one day emerging from out the jaws of the imperial palace gate, Gaspard made a sign to enjoin silence, his pale face wearing an aspect of dejection so deep as to startle the prince.

"The emperor has discovered all, and your highness is dismissed from the court."

Frederick gave a long, shrill whistle, then laughed—a short, grating "ha, ha!" that had an interrogative sound in it, as wrapping his furred mantle closer, he strode on the balance of his way in silence.

Not thus lightly could Gaspard view the dismissal from court—seeing in it the disappointment of all his soaring hopes—the demolition of his vaulting schemes of ambition. His usually elastic spirits were for the moment completely prostrated, and his cool brain was for deciding upon giving up his speculation in that quarter in despair—turning his talents to some more promising pursuit. But Providence goes ofttimes a different way from that we pitch upon, to bring about the very ends we would attain. No sooner had Prince Frederick been ordered to quit the court, than Eleanor, despite her tears and remonstrances, was notified by her imperial brother's command to prepare for her marriage with the old King of Portugal. And now shone forth Gaspard's skill as a diplomatist in all its native brilliancy. From good and sufficient reason of his own, he had arrived at the conclusion that his graceful address and handsome person had won him the favoring notice of the young princess, and he determined upon following her to Portugal. This project could only be effected by inducing his master to make a journey hither; and this he had the address to achieve in such a way that the young sovereign actually thought the idea originated with himself. Careful to ever maintain his position in the good grace of his royal master, by an exceedingly deferential deportment, as well as by a delicate and skilfully adapted devotion to his interests, he had insured an unquestioning compliance with his wishes in every suggestion he might make relative to recreation or pleasure, and in this light, Frederick contemplated the journey through Spain and Portugal.

"The very thought of meeting Eleanor, as the heart-sick wife of the infirm old idiot of Portugal, and the anticipation of the fresh vigor with which I mean to renew my suit, gives an added zest to the journey; so set about the preparations at once."

And opportunely, or rather inopportunely, Frederick, Count Palatine, made his appearance just when her woman's heart, sighing in loneliness, pined most for sympathy, ready to melt at the first word of tenderness. And as before, the handsome young equerry was made the medium through which his notes and messages were conveyed to her.

To such as skim over life's surface lightly, it may appear improbable that the lowly-born equery should dream to compete in a rivalry with the powerful, ostentatious and intriguing Count Palatine. Yet Gaspard was not only aware of the superiority of his personal advantages over his master, but also that there existed between Frederick and Eleanor a species of political antagonism, causing a concealed strife, despite his professions of devotion, to subsist between them. True, this political hostility had never extended to exclude gallantry on his part, and courtesy on hers, still it must have seemed rather silly to her, to prate of love while each headed hostile factions. Once Gaspard ventured to suggest this, when his royal patron replied:

"Pooh! think you I came here like a hot-brained boy, on so foolish an errand as to risk being entangled in an intrigue, for the sake of excitement, as fools phrase it? It's rather too perilous an adventure for that, did not ambition whisper of a recompense, when the old dotard would be gathered to his fathers. Not caring to peril my prospects by contact with the midnight dagger of a jealous old imbecile, sooth to say, I have made up my mind to return, and leave you behind, to keep my memory green with the queen. Waiting here, idling my time, seemeth to me to savor somewhat of groping in the dark. Ha! what have we here?" he added with greater animation, as a page entering, presented a billet, which, loosening the cord and perfumed wax, proved to be an appointment made by some haughty dame of the court, in a cipher unintelligible save to him who had the key to decipher its meaning. For a moment the prince stood by the window, absorbed in its perusal, then returning to where Gaspard still stood apart said, "Well, this is a dilemma—a fair frailty of the court makes an appointment for me to visit her this evening! Well, I'll go; novelty pleases me. And by way of carrying out my idea, I'll quit Portugal to-morrow. Say too, Gaspard, that I leave you behind as an intermediate means of correspondence with her fair self. I shall commend you to her, so that you will be assigned a place in her household, near herself. And now to prepare for my visit to the fair frailty of these Runic characters!" And gaily humming a Moorish ballad, he stood a moment to again peruse the billet.

Side by side they stood there, the prince and his equerry. Tall, muscular, harsh-featured, with square, lowering brows, surmounted by coarse, bristly hair, Frederick was a man whom no process of personal adornment could ever render good-looking. Stoop-shouldered, lean and lank, he was decidedly common-place in appearance; a fact of which he was conscious, and to which his haughty and reserved manners were mainly attributable. While Gaspard, as if set off by the contrast, was slight and elegant of figure, while an expression of the highest order of intellect pervaded his handsome features. Add to these a deal of poetic fire in the glance of his fine dark eyes, when lighted up in conversation, at which times his varied knowledge seemed inexhaustible. His manners were graceful and winning; his voice rich and musical, while there was so much of earnestness and enthusiasm in his well-chosen expressions, as added much to the impressiveness of his converse. Though none save Eleanor of Portugal might dream of the deep, persuasive eloquence of his tongue, that not even Belial's of old could surpass, when it suited his purpose to win.

At the request of the young queen, the equerry, whom she had introduced at court as the Count de Gaspard, was appointed to a high and important post in her own private apartments in the palace. Personally near the fair Austrian, appearing ever in his best light, our hero exerted his every art of fascination—and they were many. Eleanor had heard of Frederick's caprice—or rather, short-lived fancy for a dark-eyed beauty of her court, and this, added to the fact that he had grown lukewarm in his devoirs to herself, caused her to feel relief, rather than regret at his departure—the more, that often meeting the handsome young equerry in her walks in the palace gardens—generally by a sort of appointment—she would on returning to her isolated grandeur sigh, while mentally revolving:

"That young *attaché* of the Count Palatine is so graceful, so polished, were his birth equal to his abilities, his career would be a brilliant one. But what would intellect or capacity avail at court, were it known that their possessor was not noble? I wish he would make me his confidant, or that I could think he would prefer my service to returning to Prince Frederick. I would so gladly further his interests!"

Meantime our aspiring equerry devoted his whole energy to the task to please, considering no amount of personal sacrifice too great to give to attending to her every wish; and when at last she noted the paling of his cheek, and attenuation of his slight frame, produced by the all-exciting thought and study of his life—that of winning preferment and honors—she, woman-like, laying it all to the score of a consuming passion, sighed to think his rank so low! She had not yet learned to love him—*not yet*. She was at this time only beginning to regard with disgust the *rank* of the Count Palatine, that had erewhile captivated her girlish fancy, as the only escape offered from her present hated bonds. But now that Gaspard's intellect had by its own force raised hers, she regarded Frederick as not only superficial in all manly attainments, but also lamentably contented to remain so. And now, the scales fallen from her eyes, she grew with woman's keen perception to compare him with the gifted, energetic Gaspard—finding him in the balance deficient and wanting. For her husband, *he* was but an ignorant fool—aged, decrepid, and given to numberless infidelities. Instituting a comparison between them and the all-accomplished, highly-endowed Francis Gaspard, she only saw that he loved her as a woman, not as a queen, as shadowed forth in his every look and word. And *he* the all-gifted and able?—to him, her undisguised hatred of the idiotic king, and indifference to Frederick, prophesied well for her growing regard for himself, and he marked each indication with his whole soul—his elastic spirits rising beyond their former level, his cool brain working with all its pristine energy.

No man could have been better fitted for the course he had marked out than Gaspard. Capable of bringing great powers of mind to bear upon its furtherance, every attractive grace of voice and manner, all the resources of extensive reading, every winning artifice, whether gleaned from mental philosophy or the expanded book of nature, were brought into requisition, until at last the neglected queen grew to look upon his society as her world, daily more deeply cursing the hated bonds that fettered her to the imbecile monarch whom state policy had compelled her to wed, flying from his loathed presence to him whose society had become a relief, a refuge, a heaven!

Wearied of her life of hopeless stagnation, wearied of the affectation of the court, wearied of the yawning ennui of regal splendor, Eleanor had grown to pine for the low-pitched and thrilling voice and flowing themes of her lowly-born admirer. The young Queen of Portugal was herself a woman of brilliant intellect. Such ever possess the power of not only enlisting regard in its fullest intensity, but where united with great personal beauty, of ensuring its duration. Generous, self-denying, all-sacrificing in her nature, so much so, that only minds of a high order of cultivation are capable of appreciating all she risked, the young queen showered, in proportion to what she esteemed the deserts of the lowly-born equerry's mighty intellect, the whole fervor of her devotion to her interests—her attachment to himself. A widow, in her twentieth year, the beautiful Queen of Portugal returned to Austria, where the Count Palatine, now Frederick II., renewed his addresses. What might she do? She dare not raise to her own high level the lowly-born Gaspard; she dared not, when state policy advised, refuse to wed. While hesitating between him and the Constable de Bourbon, whom her imperial brother proposed, another applicant arose in the royal prisoner, Francis I. of France, whom Charles Quint retained in Madrid. Learning during the two years that she had been a queen to place somewhat of value on a crown, the youthful queen dowager was married to Francis at Verges, and accompanying him to France, was crowned with much splendor at St. Denis.

Though yet young and beautiful, Eleanor soon felt in all its humiliating poignancy that she was neglected for the more matured and magnificent charms of the Duchess d'Etemps. And here, as in Portugal she had recourse to the advice and ever-soothing friendship of her trusty counsellor, Francis Gaspard. Punctual to the hour appointed, he on whom she had conferred the dignity of count, as well as appointed to offices of trust, bringing high revenues while mere sinecures, entered, where seated in an apartment of the palace fitted up with extreme luxury, the beautiful Queen of France awaited his coming. So clouded his brow, so deep his abstraction, none who had seen him crossing the corridor leading to her apartments would have deemed him a favored counsellor of the queen. Yet no sooner did he enter her presence, than as if by magic his countenance lit up, his manner became impressive and tender, and his low-pitched voice took the soft, subdued tone that had ever been so effective with her. Complaining of her husband's neglect, brought to the voluptuous court of France, where pleasure reigned supreme, the sister of Charles Quint asked if he thought it fitting that *she* must bend—that *she* must submit to fill a secondary place in her own palace.

"What do you advise, Gaspard?"

Her faithful ally recommended the policy of submission, since the king's infatuation blinded him to all else.

"Calm yourself, Eleanor; no high-handed proceeding must be attempted—it would bring ruin to ourselves."

He then recommended an inoffensive English girl, Anna Boylen, a granddaughter of the exiled Duke of Norfolk, to whom Francis had paid some passing attention, as a suitable person to attract the king from the ambitious and powerful Duchess d'Etemps.

"You are ever right, Gaspard! and shall soon, as my prime minister, rule France—its *real* king, in Francis's frequent absences. It is a glorious dream, Gaspard—but I am a queen, and you shall realize it! Once D'Etemps is removed, *you* shall sway the dignities and command the armies of France."

The beautiful English girl soon became a marked favorite with the fickle king. But, unlike Agnes Sorel, the fair Anna Boleyn never interfered in state affairs—giving ample opportunity to Eleanor to elevate Gaspard, now created Baron de Farnese. At this juncture, the Count Palatine, Frederick II., arrived in France, when an intimacy sprung up between him and the irate D'Etemps, who relating to him her grievances, he undertook to get the too fascinating Anna Boleyn removed to England—prevailing upon Catharine of Arragon to send for her, on the recall of the Duke of Norfolk, to place near her person, at the English court. Unambitious, still Anna Boleyn had a deal of romance and woman's vanity in her composition. So, weighing the difference between the affection divided between herself and the magnificent D'Etemps (the beautiful wife of the aged Count of Chateaubriant), and the prospect of future triumphs at the English court, with the chance, however vague, of moving the stern heart of the eighth Harry, she concluded to accept Queen Catharine's proposal, and accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, embarked for England, where, ere the year was old, she gave birth to the royal infant, afterwards known as that pattern of Tudor virtue and gentleness, Queen Elizabeth.

On the appropriation of his magnificent bride by Francis, her aged and irate spouse, Chateaubriant, threw up all his high dignities in disgust, retiring to Brittany, when the enamored monarch appointed her two brothers Marshals of France. Between the elder of these and Gaspard (now Baron de Farnese), was given the command of the battle of Pavia. The brother of the duchess fell in the last battle, where Gaspard was created Duke de Longueville—his superior generalship saving the remnant of the army over which he was now placed in command. With this all-able, powerful supporter, Eleanor almost reigned alone upon the throne. Assisted by this trusty counsellor, the queen endeavored by every art to inspire her brother, Charles Quint, with more equitable sentiments—making peace, as far as lay in her power, between France and Spain.

Doubtless she effected much through her minister Gaspard, who, on first following his royal mistress to France, had set himself with an engrossing enthusiasm to the acquirement of political knowledge, and who now, ennobled, coveted rank and station no longer for himself, but as the all-able statesman, used them to ensure a continuance of the regard ever given alone to him by the woman who, scorning all competitors else, proudly trampled on every obstacle that opposed her progress to power. When the king's mistress was negotiating with Henry VIII. of England, and Charles of Spain, to place her for the Duke of Orleans on the throne of France, causing the blockade of Perpignan, the taking of the principal towns of France, the scattering of the army, and the ignominious treaty of Cressy, a revolt was alone averted through the wise policy of Eleanor's prime minister, Gaspard, Duke de Longueville. Yet strange it was that successful in all he undertook, prospering beyond his wildest dream, it would have been impossible for any human being to have given outward indications of being more miserable than he, during the twenty-two years that he remained with his royal mistress in France.

On the death of Francis I., Eleanor of Austria, still accompanied by him who had remained faithfully devoted to the woman who had raised him to power, returned to Brabant, joining her brother, Charles Quint. Participating but little in the factions of the court, yet had Gaspard's great talents met universal homage; and now that Eleanor could raise him no higher, she granted him the title that he perhaps prized most, that of the queen's husband. During twenty-two years, amid all the vicissitudes of her regal life, Eleanor had ever remained faithfully attached to him she had raised from the station of equerry to that of a duke and commander-in chief of the armies of France. And now, in her forty-third year, did she bestow her hand on her prime minister, Gaspard, Duke de Longueville.

Jester's Picnic.

Lord William Paulet, though often chairman of committee of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and could scarcely read. Having to read a bill for naturalizing Jemima, Duchess of Kent, he called her "Jeremiah, Duchess of Kent." A gentleman writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him any *equivalent*. Lord William replied that the horse was at his service; but he did not know what to do with the *elephant*. A pamphlet called "The Snake in the Grass," being reported (probably in joke) to be written by this Lord William Paulet, a gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William professed his innocence, and that he was not the author; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen, and began: "This is to seratify that the buk called the Snak—"

"O, my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

The venerable Dr. Smith was preaching to his rural charge one of the warmest of last summer's Sunday nights, and, while he was waxing warmer in his discourse, he observed also that one of the large lamps at his hand was waning and ready to expire. Just as he discovered it he was exclaiming, in reference to the impracticability of escape from the law, "*Which way shall he turn?*" and, saying that, he put out his hand to give the lamp a turn to brighten up the dying luminary; but an officious deacon near the pulpit seeing that he was turning the wrong way, and would have it out in a minute, cried out:

"*Turn to the right*, doctor! turn to the right!"

The sudden answer to the doctor's question put him out completely and the lamp at the same time.

Two darkies in the West went out to hunt possums, and by accident found a large cave, with a small entrance. Peeping in they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior.

"Look heah, Sam, while I go in dar," said one, "and gets de young bars, you just watch heah for de ole bar."

Sam got asleep in the sun, and when opening his eyes, he saw the old bear scouring her way into the cave. Quick as a wink he caught her by the tail and held on like blazes.

"Hullo, dar, Sam, what dark de hole dar?"

"Lor' bless you, Jumbo, save yourself, honey; if dis tail come out, you'll find what dark de hole!"

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?"

"A man who makes nails," replied hopeful, quite readily.

"Very good. Now what is a tailor?"

"One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply.

"O, you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails! did you ever!"

"To be sure," quoth hopeful—"if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made, they would all be *jackets!*"

"Eh?—ah!—well!—to be sure. I didn't think of that. Beats Watts' logic! Go to the head of the class, John—you'll be President of the United States some day."

How to quarrel with your Wife.—(An unfailing receipt.)—Wait until she is at her toilet, preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the life of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark, that you never knew but one that had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah, you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her then? You say, abstractedly, "Ah, why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

Kirchoff, a Prussian chemist, is reported to have discovered a process by which milk may be preserved for an indefinite period. Fresh milk is evaporated by a very gentle heat till it is reduced to a dry powder, which is to be kept perfectly dry in a bottle. When required for use, it need only be diluted with a sufficient quantity of water. Mr. Jones, who keeps a red cow—over his door—claims the original idea of making milk from a white powder, which, he states, may be done without the tedious process of evaporation, by using an article well known to London milk venders—namely, chalk.

An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied:

"Yes, they are so fine that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Let me see, there's the road to love, strewed with roses; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertaker, through physic."

"Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman.

"Yes, faith, we have; but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

An insane author, once placed in confinement, employed most of his time in writing. One night, being thus engaged, by aid of a bright moon, a slight cloud passed over the luminary, when, in an imperious manner, he called out:

"Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon."

The cloud, however, became thicker, when he again exclaimed:

"The blockhead! see, he has snuffed it entirely out!"

Jones, who was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him:

"How came you to lose your leg?"

"Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found that there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it had all settled in my left leg, I had it cut off at once."

"Be jabers," said Pat, "it 'ud be a good thing if it had only settled in your head."

"I remember," says Lord Biden, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed:

"'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?'

"'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some other business, but he has left his verdict with me.'"

Definitions from a popular Dictionary.

Life—A time to make money.
Money—The end of life.
Man—A machine for making money.
Woman—A machine to spend money.
Children—Machines to spend it on.
Economy.—Buying things because they are cheap whether you want them or not.

Mr. Micawber's Advice.—"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual expenditure—nineteen, eleven, six; result—happiness. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual expenditure—twenty pounds, ought, and six; result—misery. The blossom is blighted; the leaf is withered; the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and, in short, you are forever floored."

When Nathaniel Lee, commonly called the mad poet, was confined during four years of his short life in Bedlam, a sane idiot of a scribbler mocked his calamity, and observed that it was easy to write like a madman.

"No, sir," answered Lee; "it is not so easy to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool."

When a lady sits down to the pianoforte, always volunteer to turn over the leaves. To be able to read music is of no consequence, as you will know she is at the bottom of the page when she stops short. If you turn over two leaves at once, you will probably have the secret thanks of most of the company.

A Yorkshire newspaper, wishing to inform its readers that the *Courier of Lyons* and *The Ladies' Battle* will be performed at the theatre on such a night, says: "The first piece will be *Currier of Lyons*, after which will be produced (at the special request of a patroness of the Scarborough Tetotal Society) *The Ladies' Bottle*."

Doctor (looking learned and speaking slow)—Well, mariner, what do you want extracted? Is it a molar or an incisor?

Jack (short and sharp—It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it's nipping my jaw like a lobster.

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charlie."

"What is 'honorably,' mother?"

"It means that you must give him the largest piece."

"Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should be honorable."

Boileau being frequently called upon by an idle, ignorant person, who complained to him that he did not return his visits, "Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not upon equal terms. You call upon me merely to get rid of your time; when I call upon you I lose mine."

A lawyer having occasion to draw up a deed for a bachelor, wrote in the attestation clause: "I——, neither married nor likely to be at present (God be praised for infinite mercy), have hereunto set my hand and seal on this," etc. It was so recorded.

A New York paper, eulogizing a certain preacher, says: "He lavishes discourses that a sanhedrim of archangels might listen to with admiration!"

Why don't the archangels have a meeting and give him a call?

Sure, and I'm heir to an immense estate under my father's will. When he died he ordered my elder brother to divide the house wid me; and by St Patrick, he did it—for he took the inside himself, and gave me the outside.

VOL. XII. M. M. B

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by M. M. BALLOU, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

THE SCOUT:

—OR,—

THE YOUNG DRAGOON.

A STORY OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

BY EDWARDS KEELER OLMSTED.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"He talked about the officers here—did he say nothing about the soldiers too?"

"He merely asked—" commenced Agnes, and then overcome by some powerful emotion, she stopped short and trembled violently. The agitation of the witness caused a great sensation in the court, and all eyes were bent upon her. This, of course, increased her distress and trouble, and after an effort to control her feelings, she burst into tears. The grief of a woman whenever and wherever exhibited, never fails to produce an effect even on the sternest hearts, and though the character of those before whom Lieutenant Barnes was now on trial for his life, was by no means exalted, still they were not entirely insensible to the painful emotions of so beautiful a young woman, bearing such a relation to the prisoner as Agnes did. But after allowing time for the impression this created to subdue, the officer who conducted the examination felt it his duty to proceed:

"Witness," he said, "you must subdue your feelings and speak out. However the court may be disposed to sympathize with you in your distress, and they would be less or more than human if they did not, still you must be aware that justice must take its course. We are here in the performance of a stern duty, and that duty must rise paramount to all other considerations. Did you hear the question asked of you?"

"I did," replied Agnes, faintly stifling her sobs.

"But there must be no misunderstanding about the interrogatory. The court does not wish to hurry you into confessions that may prove fatal to your brother. But you must also remember that you are sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Equivocation and prevarication are equally criminal. You have already stated that your brother asked some questions about the officers stationed at this post."

"I did, sir."

"And I then asked—and now ask—whether he made no inquiries respecting the soldiers also. Did he not ask you about the amount of force we had, and what we were going to do?"

The poor girl found herself in a terrible situation—the most terrible that a sister could be placed in. The life or death of a beloved brother hung upon her lips—and yet not to save that dear life from sudden annihilation could she violate her plighted oath—or tamper with the truth which she had always been brought up to regard as sacred. Shivering in every limb she sank upon her knees, and with streaming eyes besought the stern military tribunal to have mercy on her brother.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"She had better be removed—the case is clear enough, I think," said Colonel Simcoe.

The other members of the court nodded assent.

"We deal in justice, and not in mercy, young lady," said one of the officers. "Your brother shall have justice—that is the utmost we can promise."

"O, do not say so!" cried Agnes, springing to her feet. "Do not let me hear that you repudiate the most angelic attribute of human nature. The justice you would mete out is but stern, military vengeance—and remember who has said 'vengeance is mine—and I will requite it.' Disguise it—phrase it as you will, the condemnation of my poor brother can only be an act of vengeance. Mercy is never lost—it blesses those who accord as well as those who receive it; and if it be not rewarded here—it has its glorious recompense hereafter. Remember that we are all here but for a day—but beyond the portals of the grave there is endless life. To-day you sit in your pomp and pride in judgment on a fellow creature—to-morrow—for yours is a perilous profession—you may yourselves all of you—stand before the judgment-seat of God. Pause, reflect on what you are about. The life of one man is a little thing to you—but, O, to this distressed family, it is everything. Think of what we have suffered—think of the misery that war has brought upon our once peaceful home. Remember that here you have found shelter—that you have eaten of our bread and drank of our cup. The hoofs of your horses have trodden